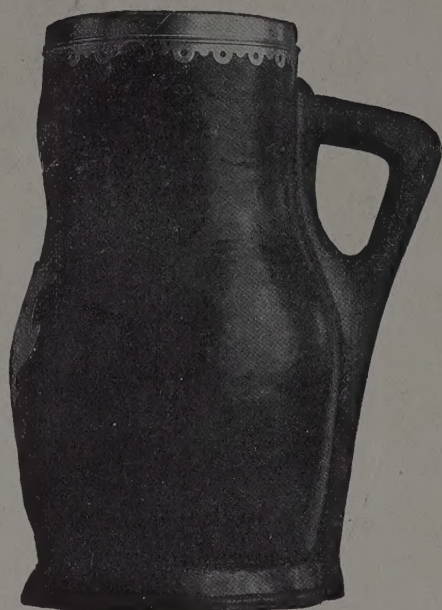


THE THEATRE

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
OF THEATRICAL ART, FASHION AND LIFE.





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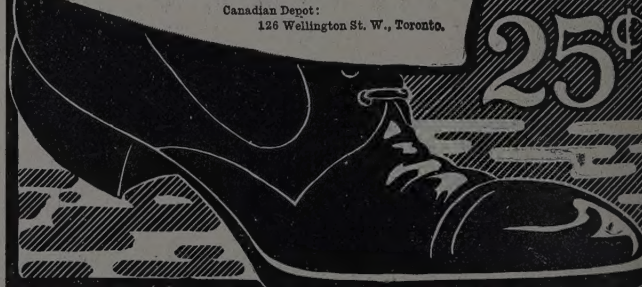
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Scene in "The Prince Chap," which opened the season at the Madison Square Theatre, New York.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Letters to the Editor

Our readers are invited to send in, for publication in this department, letters on any theatrical topic likely to be of general interest. Communications should be written on one side of the paper only, and not exceed 500 words. Letters published must be regarded as expressing the personal opinion of each correspondent. The Editor does not necessarily endorse the statements made and disclaims all responsibility.

Joseph Jefferson's Religion

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 24, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

I wonder if the theatrical world in general has learned from any reliable source what kind of a belief it was that claimed a place in the real heart of the jovial and ragged "Rip." It appears that he was of that number whose minds are lit up by "the latest flame of faith that has blazed on our ball of day," as Balzac has characterized the teachings of Swedenborg. Henry Watterson, in a lengthy editorial in the *Courier Journal*, after speaking of his acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson during the earlier career of his life as an actor, and which ripened into an intimate friendship as his fame grew with the years, says of his faith: "Joseph Jefferson was a Swedenborgian in religious faith." His poem on "Immortality," which lately appeared in our leading dailies, gives evidence at what fountain he drank, for if there is a teaching that brings conviction to the heart concerning the certainty and continuity of the future life, it is Swedenborg's.

T. G. LANDENBERGER.

Count Tilly's Skull Again

OAKLAND, CAL., Sept. 4, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In reading back numbers of your excellent magazine I came across an article signed "The Editors of *New Shakespeareana*," in which said editors take exceptions to certain matters of no importance. I quite agree with Messrs. Editors of the *New Shakespeareana*, and I believe that every one else who, like myself, know little or nothing about what Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* are driving at, will also agree with Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* in what they have to say. Hence, since the uninformed firmly agree in what Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana* say, it is not necessary to say what they, the said Messrs. Editors of *New Shakespeareana*, have said, and furthermore, it is hardly necessary to waste a column and a half of so valuable a paper as THE THEATRE MAGAZINE on what the said Editors of *New Shakespeareana* have said, or will say. However, there is one statement made by the said editors which is entirely incorrect. I refer to their assertion that the third-extra skull of Count Tilly (Johann Tzerclares. Count of Tilly—the editors should be more definite) is located at Prague. I have never heard of the *New Shakespeareana*—probably it is a little ha'penny sheet—hence do not know address of said sheet. Will you therefore inform the said editors that the so-called third-extra-skull of Count Tilly is located in Oakland, California, and not at Prague, as they state. The second-extra skull may be located at Prague, or Odessa, but that is an entirely different matter.

A READER.

[We thank our anonymous Oakland friend for his complimentary remarks aimed ourselves. We are grateful to him also for furnishing us with definite information regarding the exact location of the Count of Tilly's third skull. He errs, however, when he mistakes our esteemed contemporary for a ha'penny sheet. *New Shakespeareana* costs 75 cents a copy, is a most learned and dignified publication, and is edited by that distinguished Shakespearian scholar, Dr. J. Appleton Morgan.]

Music or No Music?

EAST MORICHES, L. I., Aug. 26, 1905.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Why do you not give more space to the musical interests of New York? There is no periodical which is doing for music just what your paper does for the stage. You must know that the number of people whose demand for good music makes possible (and profitable) a long season of opera and perhaps a hundred concerts every winter, is astonishingly on the increase. If you gave more consideration in your pages to this class of entertainment, I am convinced that you would appeal to many more readers.

M. SANFORD.

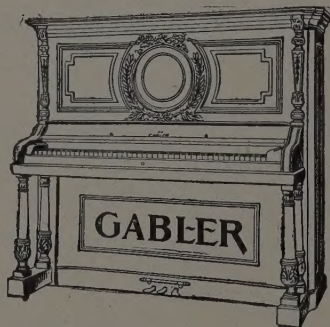
[Our department devoted to music was discontinued because we believed it did not appeal to the majority of our readers. We should like to hear from others on the subject.]

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THE THEATRE

VOL. V., No. 56

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1905

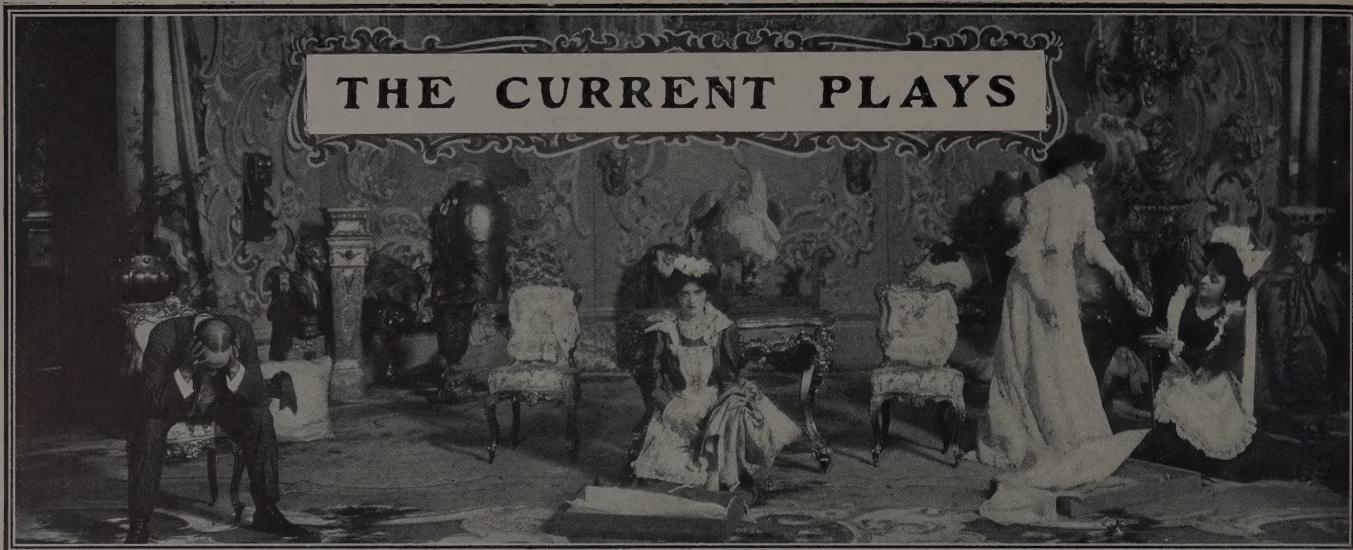
ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Marceau

MARY MANNERING IN "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

THE CURRENT PLAYS



The chambermaid's paradise in George Ade's new piece "The Bad Samaritan"

HUDSON. "MAN AND SUPERMAN." Comedy in three acts by George Bernard Shaw. Produced Sept. 5, with this cast:

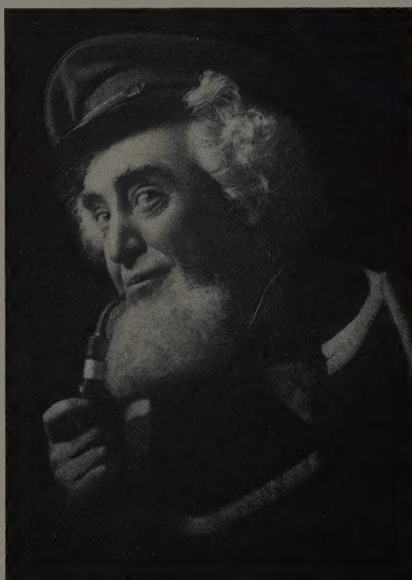
Roebuck Ramsden, Louis Massen; Parlor Maid, Pauline Anthony; Octavius Robinson, Alfred Hickman; John Tanner, Robert Loraine; Miss Ann Whitefield, Fay Davis; Mrs. Whitefield, Lois Frances Clark; Miss Susan Ramsden, Sally Williams; Miss Violet Robinson, Clara Bloodgood; Henry Straker, Edward Abeles; Hector Malone, Jr., Richard Bennett; Hector Malone, Sr., J. D. Beveridge.

Who, whence, and wherefore this George Bernard Shaw, the most brilliant man, with the keenest satire, in English literature to-day? Sharp in observation of character, quick in the invention of fable for his work, vitriolic in epithet and formidable in epigram, plausible and pleasing to those who seek the new and who are content with no established truth, holding to no opinion or theory that will stand the test of any honest man's common sense, revelling in the momentary success of his seduction of weak minds, capable of splendid service to the world with his pen—he is writing in sand, his brilliancy as useless as the flashes from an electric wire caused by some disturbance or diversion of the proper use of the current; seriously attempting, at times, to set the world afire merely to see it burn, and with the same idle purpose as the small boy who applies a match to the back stairs of a tenement house "to see the engines run." This is a wholly inadequate description of Shaw, for his chief claim to the homage of his admirers is that he cannot be understood, as if a man who does not make himself intelligible is worth understanding. He is delightful at moments, but only when he applies his capacities as a dramatist in the way that is common to every true dramatist, as witness the admirably written scene of reconciliation between Violet and Hector Malone, Sr., in the third act of "Man and Superman." We can accept that, for its truth is absolute and universal; but what do we want with Shaw's half truths and his falsities? When he is simply joking with us in attacking some of the absurdities of life, its customs and conventionalities, we can joke with him; but if he really means by it to start a new system of philosophy, pernicious in every part of it, he is, if taken seriously, a menace to public morality.

The play opens briskly and with entertaining dramatic verve. John Tanner, a Member of the Idle Rich Class, has written a book advocating socialism and a few other things. He is full of animation and apparent conviction. He has been appointed, by the will of her father, to act as guardian of Ann Whitefield, jointly with Roebuck Ramsden, a substantial but conventional man of business. The amusing perplexities of the situation are entertainingly carried out; it is comedy in its best estate. Pres-

ently, family affairs are discussed. Octavius Robinson, a colorless young man, appears to be engaged to Ann. Ramsden cautiously makes the sad announcement that something dreadful has happened to his sister Violet, an independent young woman supposed to be wasting her time in painting bad pictures and gadding about to concerts and parties. We are told that she has born a child out of wedlock. Consternation! What is to be done? There is doubt, but John Tanner does not doubt. He begins to talk. He is voluble. He preaches the new doctrine: "She has turned from these sillinesses to the fulfilment of her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. And instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct; instead of crowning the completed womanhood and raising the triumphal strain of 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given,' here you are—you who have been as merry as grigs in your mourning for the dead—all pulling long faces and looking as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes. If I had the honor of being Violet's child, I should boast of it, instead of denying it." It is the Life Force, according to Shaw, that excuses all this.

In other words, a generation later than Walt Whitman and his "Leaves of Grass," Shaw glorifies the Life Force. He is the apostle of Free Love. If it be not so in your opinion, what do you think he means? John Tanner arouses a moment of feeling in the audience when he proposes to go to the aid of Violet; but whose sympathy does not go out immeasurably to Violet? The stunned attitude of the members of the family, in this state of affairs, is not a proper matter for satire. It develops at once that Violet has been secretly married. Shaw's adeptness in setting something up and then knocking it down is much admired by those who proclaim the greatness of this literary anarchist. What does he knock down? Has he destroyed his own theory of free love? Not at all. Has he destroyed the typhoid germ that has been swallowed by the young girl in the audience who has been unfortunate enough to witness and listen to this play and its detestable doctrines? If he is not essaying to



Nat C. Goodwin in "The Beauty and the Barge"

teach new doctrines and to write a New Testament for mankind, what is he after? What is the meaning of Superman? To explain it is to demonstrate the shallowness of all his pretensions. Mr. Tanner and Mr. Shaw are Socialists, so they claim; but how can any one be a Socialist who believes that man as he exists at present is of such an inferior breed that a Superman

must be evolved, or rather bred physically, *ab ovo*, to take his place? Who is to select the new Adam and Eve? Who is to take charge of the mingling and birth of souls, that daily miracle by the Eternal Mystery forever hid from mortal man? It is rank blasphemy; and yet Mr. Shaw would have no trouble or hesitation in satirizing blasphemy. There is a certain practical side to the effort to elevate the physical standard of man, but Mr. Shaw is far in the rear in any practical steps in that direction. There are States in this Republic that have laws concerning marriage more to the purpose than all his words. Thus, this so-called philosopher is not to be considered on matters of large import. In his diatribes on smaller things, Mr. Shaw is interesting enough: that woman is the pursuer and man the pursued, for example. What of it? What if it be true that "it is the aim of every woman to get married as quickly as possible, and of every man to keep single as long as possible?" Is the idea new? Is it not rather fundamental and in the nature of the case? Would you not respect a girl if, in reply to your badinage about marriage, she admitted that it was one of her aims in life, and then added that she prayed for a good husband every night? This glib anarchistic babbler talks a lot of nonsense. There is no wisdom revealed to mankind for the first time in what any of his characters say; but we admit that much of it is exceedingly brilliantly put.

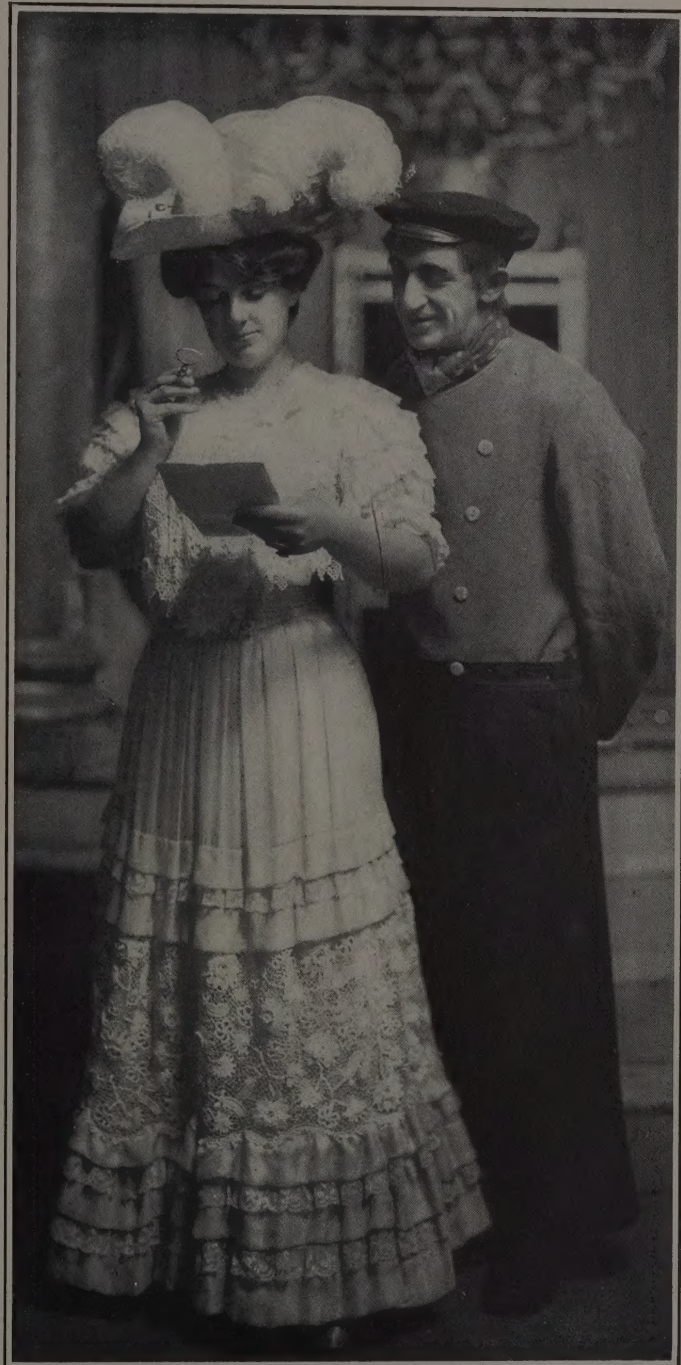
In one respect Shaw's manner and method of treating a subject in the dramatic form is very significant on its literary side; it stands for the present strong and growing tendency to avoid the purely romantic. In that alone his plays have a refreshing newness. They are unconventional in subject and to some extent in dramatic treatment. To make a "hero" of a dentist, as a lover, is an effort to avoid romanticism and sentimentality. To make a girl pursue a man, although he hastens a thousand miles away in an automobile, really concerns the form of the play more than it does its philosophy. But it would be absurd to claim that Shaw has created anything new in playmaking. He has done nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he is always most effective when he follows the established principles of play construction. The moment his action lags or ceases, his play becomes dreary, and while his dialogue has interesting qualities at all times, it loses nine-tenths of its value for lack of action in certain scenes. The story of "Man and Superman" is simple enough, and is not at the other end of the globe from the conventional, by any means. John Tanner, guardian of Ann, finally succumbs to the pursuit of his ward, protesting that he does not love in the ordinary sense, at the same time kissing her passionately. The slight obstacle to Ann's pursuit is Octavius Robinson, a weakling, who gradually drops out of the game. Violet has concealed her marriage with Hector Malone, Jr., son of an American millionaire, who is about to be disinherited when the discovery is made; by adroitness and cajolery she wins the father over, and that in substance is the story. The other characters are such as we find in life, such as other dramatists use, and such as all the world is entirely satisfied with, always has been and always will be. Mr. Shaw seeks new subjects; that is well. The dramatists have not exhausted Nature yet; but those who are clinging to the utterly conventional in subject and character are getting smaller and smaller in stature and in public consideration every day. Mr. Shaw is not a small man, but his greatness consists in that which he professes to despise—technical dramatic ability; not in philosophy, except in minor satire. American audiences are generous; they have the habit of rejecting the evil in a play and considering only the good. Except for this, "Man and Superman" would not be tolerated for an instant. In some communities it will be heard in silence; in others it will not be heard at all. Robert Loraine is the John Tanner of the play. He is the manly, eager, persuasive, animated, endless talker. While not exactly looking the part, he is all that could be desired. He has a good piece of "business" in doing some of his talking with his back to the audience. Much that he says could be uttered in that posture, and if he said

all he thought the same business could be used throughout. As John Tanner, Mr. Loraine defines a flirt as a woman who "arouses passions that she has no intention of gratifying," and we cite it here with reference to the appropriateness of the business indicated. If Mr. Shaw will confine himself within limits, his vogue will continue, but if our generosity and the fact that we do not take him seriously encourages him to take liberties with this public, he will learn a thing or two.

EMPIRE. "DE LANCEY." Comedy in three acts by Augustus Thomas. Produced Sept. 4, with this cast:

M. J. Guy Nichols; John, C. Maclean Savage; Thomas Hibbard, Sidney Irving; James De Lancey, John Drew; Dr. Elliot Morton, Walter Hale; Aunt Ruth, Kate Meek; Bill Gooding, Arthur Elliot; Waiter, W. Bechtel; Jacqueline Marple, Margaret Dale; Irene Millard, Doris Keane; Tom, Robert Schable; George, Harry Redding; Butler, Albert Roccardi; Mrs. Hibbard, Cornelia Bedford.

If it was Augustus Thomas' ambition to ascertain how snug a fit he could give Mr. Drew in a tailor-made play, he has been entirely successful with "De Lancey." Never has Mr. Drew had a rôle which meets his well marked limitations better, nor one in which this polished comedian can do nothing at all with greater ease and grace—a talent which was ever particularly his. But as a dramatic proposition, intended for the diversion of a



Hall
Blanche Ring and Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland"



MABEL HITE

Eccentric dancer, to appear in "The Girl and the Bandit"

JULIE HERNE

Now appearing in "Easy Dawson"

EDITH SPEARE

Who plays 8-year-old Claudia in "The Prince Chap"

sophisticated audience, this new Thomas piece is a distinct disappointment. The play is weak structurally and has a trite and wholly conventional story. De Lancey is a man about town, of good family, living in bachelor apartments indicating habits of luxury. At one time he was well supplied with funds, but now has a waning credit. He has gone a fast pace. He is divorced. He had really always loved Jacqueline Marple, whom he had known from childhood. She is now engaged to his intimate friend, Dr. Elliot Morton; but the physician falls in love with the charming daughter of a florist in order that we may have a beautiful set scene in the greenhouse of the nursery. Dr. Morton and De Lancey belong to the Baychester Hunt Club, so that John Drew, resplendent in a red coat, may be thrown from his horse and break his collar-bone, whereupon we are in the thick of the thin action. Jacqueline's father, a Western millionaire and a man of plain speech, mistrusts De Lancey's attentions to his daughter, and the only strenuous scene in the play is the interview between the two men. A stormy discussion with one's future father-in-law, if one's collar-bone is broken, is piquant. If De Lancey had not broken his collar-bone the result of the argument might have been entirely different. Mr. Marple might not have propitiated in the slightest degree. The physician wins the flower girl, who is of good family, rather too easily for dramatic effect, but he does win her, and perhaps in such matters that is the main thing. De Lancey's difficulties are not over after his collar-bone is set and he has had his talk with the father. Jacqueline distrusts his love. She thinks he has another affair in hand and

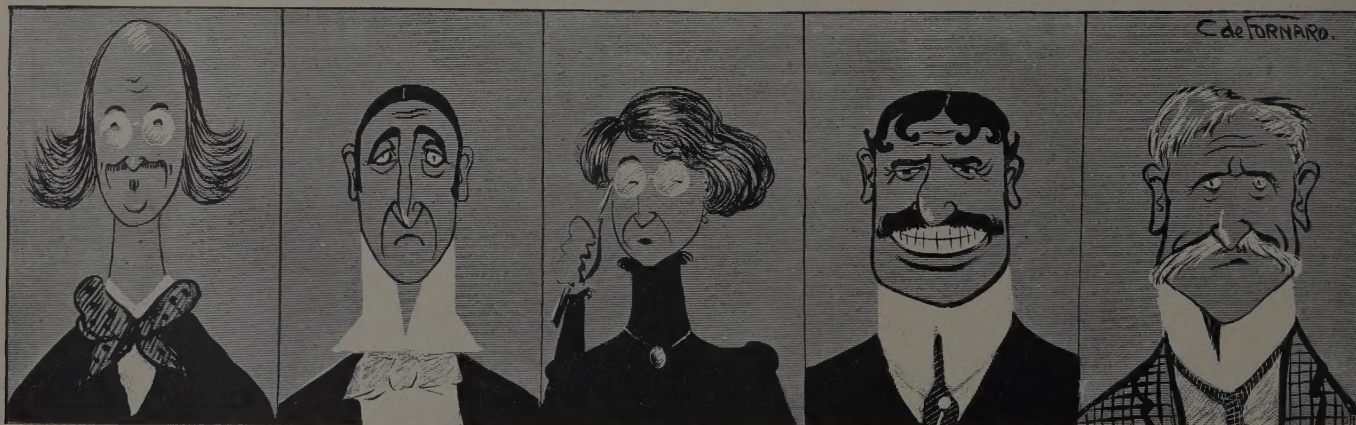
has been sending flowers to some unknown. This suspicion is disposed of and the play brought to an end rather ingeniously. De Lancey's butler is a bibulous individual, and when he is sent with a bouquet to Jacqueline, he occupies himself with the diversion afforded by the bottle, and turns up the next afternoon with his message and his flowers in the nick of time to bring about the denouement of the play. Jacqueline is convinced.

It is obvious that this play was not written with any purpose more serious than to provide opportunities for the star. It is certainly not Thomas at his best, but this dramatist never fails to have scenes that show skill and freshness of invention. The animation of his dialogue also usually compensates for lack of action. He gets over the footlights with remarkable rapidity of fire, and is quick on the trigger with epigram and wit. Mr. Drew can make more points in any given scene than any other actor on our stage, and scored a pronounced personal success. Margaret Dale, as Jacqueline, and Doris Keane, as the florist's daughter, also were all that could be desired in a performance in which personality counts for so much.

MADISON SQUARE. "THE PRINCE CHAP." Comedy in three acts by Edward Peple. Produced Sept. 4. with this cast:

William Peyton, Cyril Scott; The Earl of Huntington, Cecil DeMille; Marcus Runion, Thomas A. Wise; Ballington, Theodore Terry; Yadder, Albert Perry; Fritz, George Fisher; Alice Travers, Grace Kimball; Mrs. Errington, Florence Conron; Phoebe Puckers, Mary Keogh; Claudia, aged 5, Helen Pullman; aged 8, Edith Speare; aged 18, Grayce Scott.

This delightful little play is conceived in simplicity, and none the worse for that in being its author's first effort. The bare



The Shaw enthusiast

Drawing-room comedy

Shakespeare

Musical comedy

Melodrama

THE THEATRE FACE

Types generally identified with the various forms of stage entertainment, as seen by Fornaro



The Coster Sextette in "Miss Dolly Dollars"



The "Dolly Dollars" Matrimonial Club

plot would be too slight to carry it if it were not for the treatment and the uncommonly discreet stage management, whereby every detail is made to count. The least excess of sentimentality in dialogue or acting would be fatal to the proper effect. It is commonly said among managers that no one can foretell the fate of a play. We do not believe this to be true with reference to all plays, and if the action be sufficiently self-explanatory and self-supporting, only an almost inconceivable combination of bad acting could destroy it. This combination sometimes strikes a play. It requires a fortunate combination of circumstances to make "The Prince Chap" safe. To one who keeps an open heart it is welcome for its simplicity. In the sense of being a trifle trite, it is poor, but the jaded cynic would have to admit that it is honest. It touches the heart. Improbabilities pay for themselves a dozen times over. A young sculptor fails to sell his work in London. One of his associates in poverty, a woman, visits him in his studio, proclaims the end of her struggle for existence, and secures his promise to care for her child, three years old. Exhausted, but happy in providing for her child, the mother dies in his arms. The child arrives. We then have the perplexities of a bachelor in caring for her. Three years elapse, and the child is the child of his heart. He tells her one story in particular that interests her, the story of a man who went far away and was always waiting for the Princess he left to come to him when he was rich enough. The Princess from America does come, and, believing that the child is the sculptor's own, renounces him. Ten years later the girl is grown. The Princess, now a widow, comes again to the home of the now rich sculptor. She cannot win him back. Of course, the sculptor marries the child of three, the girl of six, and the young lady of eighteen, a fairly rapid courtship and consummation, all things considered. The three ages were played respectively by Helen Pullman, Edith Speare and Grayce Scott, the illusion being an exceedingly success-

Lulu Glaser Melville Stewart
"I don't feel like talking"

R. C. Herz (as the educated fool) and Miss Glaser

ful experiment. Cyril Scott as the sculptor proved his capacity. Thos. A. Wise was the unctuously humorous butler from the first of this poor, and then suddenly rich, sculptor. Mary Keogh was a slavey that is supposed to be familiar in London, but it may be doubted if the type exists off the stage. "The Prince Chap" will be found interesting and something better than the spoon-food that its bare story would indicate.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE PRODIGAL SON." Drama in four acts by Hall Caine. Produced Sept. 4, with this cast:

Stephen Magnusson, W. H. Thompson; Anna, Ida Waterman; Magnus, Edward Morgan; Oscar, Aubrey Boucicault; Oscar Neilsen, J. E. Dodson; Thora, Charlotte Walker; Helga, Drina De Wolfe; Margret Neilsen, Marie Wainwright; Edin, Charlotte Walker; Nels Finsen, Ben Webster; Doctor Olsen, George C. Boniface, Sr.; The Pastor, Russell Crauford; The Sheriff, Warner Oland; The Director of the Casino, Henry Bergman.

The younger brother is often fairer to look upon than the older. In Hall Caine's "The Prodigal Son," he is the prodigal. Veracious in nothing, he is voracious in everything. He wins the love of the older brother's betrothed and marries her, but loses no time in falling in love with her sister. The wife discovers the relationship and promptly dies. It will be seen that Mr. Caine proceeds with seven league boots in his drama. The two fly to Paris and engage in a reckless life, involving a career at the gaming table, and the forging of notes that ruin the young man's father. The young man, who is getting gray about the temples by this time, determines to repent after having won a large sum of money, which he leaves with the woman. He goes from the gambling salon. A shot is heard. We are supposed to believe that he has committed suicide; but the sophisticated, who by this time recognize that the play is pure melodrama, know better. Between the end of this act and the beginning of the next, he has made a fabulous fortune, and returns, disguised by gray hair, if not otherwise, to his old home, now desolate by the death of the father and the poverty of the older brother, now the head of the family. The prodigal's wife had borne him a daughter before she died, and she is now a figure in the last act. The prodigal does not



Reutlinger

DORIS KEANE

Promising young actress now playing the rôle of Irene in "De Lancey" at the Empire

reveal himself, but before retiring for the night he leaves on the table a letter disclosing himself and containing bank notes that more than repay, in money, for his past misdeeds. The older brother, about to be ruined by a mortgage, determines to steal to the room of the stranger and murder him in order to secure the money which he thinks he has on his person. He returns from the room, and it develops in a closing picture, showing the stranger climbing a lonely passway in the mountain, that he has escaped. There is a scene between the stranger and his daughter, who does not know him, and to whom he does not reveal himself, which is intended to be pathetic.

The play in every way is large and cumbrous. Instead of being didactic and impressive, as the author intended, it is a melodrama pure and simple, with sensational effects. To lay the scene in Iceland gives the story no appreciable newness. Certainly the Prodigal Son is not a new subject. It should be treated in new ways, as in "The Old Homestead," but there is nothing new in Mr. Caine's play, absolutely nothing that could be seriously considered as new. The structure is as old as the drama. The scene in the gambling house has been used again and again. Mr. Caine attempts large things. His improbabilities are large. What was the prodigal son doing in all these years of the

poverty of his family? Was he accumulating his great fortune gradually? Could he not have sent some aid to his daughter? Did it never occur to him that poverty might have ruined her morally while he was maintaining his silence and sending nothing to relieve that poverty? The sympathetic quality is entirely lacking in the play. It is the most curious effort at largeness and originality with the results of absolutely old material that it is possible to conceive. He traverses continents, and the action spans two generations. The percentage of mortality is higher than in periods of the deadliest plague. The nearest he comes to teaching a moral lesson is to place the beginning and the end of the action in Iceland, Ibsen's backyard. The pretension of it is appalling, the result such as to make one weep. Tons of scenery are used. The gambling scene employs scores of people, including beves of gaily-dressed carnival revelers. From the point of stage management, the play is pictorial and picturesque, abounding in color and in characters. Aubrey Boucicault was unconvincing in the title rôle, and both in voice and manner showed the ill effects of the variety stage with which this interesting young actor has of late been identified. Edward Morgan acted the rôle of Magnus in too sombre and theatric a key, and Drina de Wolfe overacted entirely as the unprincipled Helga. Charlotte Walker was charming and sympathetic as the unhappy Thora, but the best performance was that of the old factor by J. E. Dodson. In the outburst of paternal wrath against the whole Magnusson family he was truly superb.

GARDEN. "THE BAD SAMARITAN." Comedy in 4 acts by George Ade. Produced Sept. 12, with this cast:

Alonzo Gridley, Edward See; Bluford Higgins, Samuel Reed; H. Calhoun Galloway, L. Wadsworth Harris; Homer McGee, Jacques Kruger; Andrew Jones, Ralph Dean; Signor Gargelini, George Marion; Eugene Spillers, Harry Stone; Susanne Wheatly, Anne Sutherland; Elizabeth Gridley, Augusta True; Jessie Gridley, Cecylle Mayer; Belle Hinkle, Grace Fisher; Laura Frisbee, Carolyn Lee; Uncle Ike Gridley, Richard Golden.

This piece will add nothing to George Ade's reputation. Written in the manner of "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow," it lacked the vitality of those successful pieces, and at no time rose above the level of commonplace farce. Even the dialogue lacked the usual pungent humor we are accustomed to associate with this author. The whole suggested haste and smacked of the conventional pot-boiler. The idea on which the story is hung is interesting enough, and with happier treatment a capital comedy might have evolved from the material at hand. A rich man, tired of being badgered by grafting relatives, abandons his fortune to them and seeks peace and rest on a farm. With restored health comes a desire to return to the activities of city life. He regains possession of his own and announces his intention of befriending every one in need. Naturally, he is mobbed. He gives right and left, untill he finally rebels and drives all the parasites from him. The piece is too thin for permanent success, and it was disappointing in that, throughout its four acts, one was ever expecting developments that never develop. The humor of Richard Golden as the Samaritan was too artificial to be altogether convincing, nor did any one else in the cast distinguished himself except Samuel Reed, who played a crabbed country hotel proprietor in a delicious manner, and Harry Stone, who raised the only real laughter of the evening with some specimens of genuine Ade slang.

NEW LYCEUM. "THE BEAUTY AND THE BARGE." Farce in 3 acts by W. W. Jacobs and L. N. Parker. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

Captain James Barley, N. C. Goodwin; Lieut. Seton Boyne, Galwey Herbert; Herbert Manners, Frank Goldsmith; Major Smedley, George Sumner; Tom Codd, George Miller; Augustus Smith, Harry Barton; John Dibbs, Neil O'Brien; George Porter, Owen Gwent; Mrs. Smedley, Ina Goldsmith; Ethel Smedley, Katherine Florence.

There is no occasion to refer to this play save by way of record. It proved a flat failure and was quickly withdrawn. The outcome was a great surprise, for the play had proved a success in England, and much was expected of the first stage presentation in this country of W. W. Jacobs' popular alongshore tales. The scenes being laid in England, the humor was altogether too local to be appreciated by American audiences, and without entering into further detail it may be said that the play was impossible.

CRITERION. "HER GREAT MATCH." Comedy in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Produced September 4, with this cast:

"Jo" Sheldon, Maxine Elliott; Mrs. Sheldon, Madge Girdlestone; Victoria Botes, Nellie Thorne; Her Royal Highness, Mathilde Cottrelly; Countess Casavetti, Suzanne Perry; His Royal Highness, Charles Cherry; Mr. Augustus Botes, Herbert Standing; Mr. Cyril Botes, Leon Quartermaine; Mr. Frank Wilton, Felix Edwardes; Hallen, Cory Thomas; Werks, Hodgson Taylor.

Clyde Fitch has again taken up the subject of international marriages as a dramatic motive and in "Her Great Match," which Maxine Elliott is now presenting at the Criterion, has won out as against the failure of "The Coronet of the Duchess," in which the same theme was handled with almost cynical brutality. The new piece is largely romance, with a dash of contemporaneous drama, and so delicately, prettily and truthfully is the sentiment treated that it will easily win the enthusiastic favor of the fair sex, while the regal beauty of the talented star cannot fail to arouse equal enthusiasm from the masculine element. It is a well-known fact that in spite of his very great success as a playwright, Clyde Fitch is an author of unequal merit. He can and has turned out many an act absolutely perfect in its technical workmanship, only to be followed by one loose in construction and over-burdened with flippant and irrelevant detail. "Her Great Match" is not the best piece that he has ever written, but it is a graceful, interesting and romantic drama, with a central figure admirable in its truth to humanity. There are moments when the play lapses in its hold on the audience's attention, but in the main the dialogue is so natural and witty and the progression of the romance so dainty and logical that the general effect is one of decided pleasure.

"Jo" Sheldon is traveling abroad with her step-mother, a veritable Cassie Chadwick. His Royal Highness, Adolph of

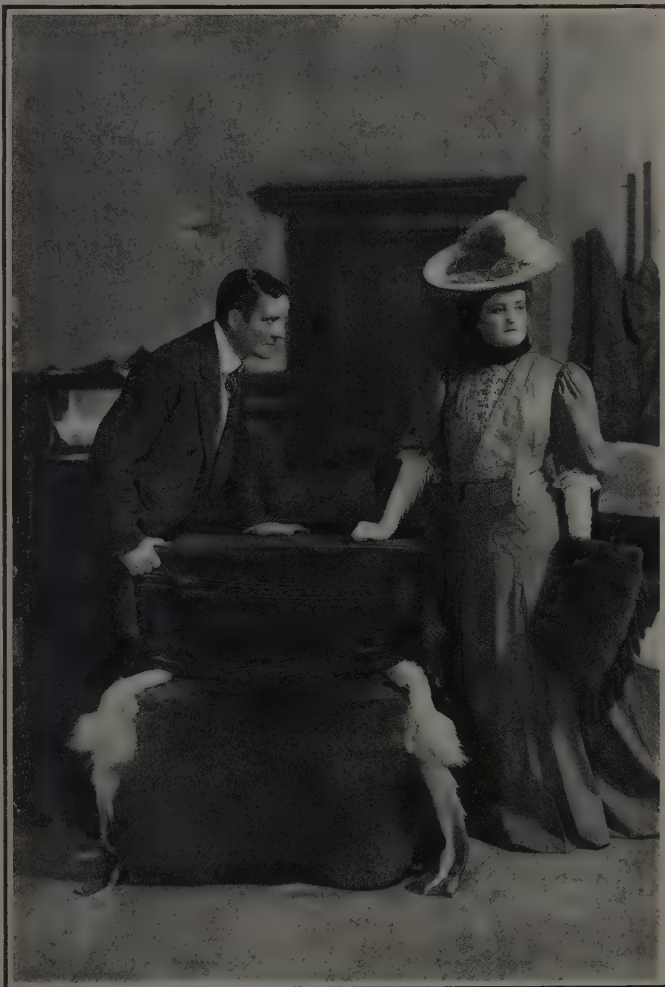
Eastphalia, falls in love with Jo, who reciprocates his infatuation. On account of his station a morganatic marriage is proposed, which the American indignantly scorns. Compromised by her step-mother, who has promised an ambitious brewer that he shall have a title from the Prince on Jo's marriage in return for a large loan, "Jo," to save her father's reputation, consents to the left-handed matrimonial proposition. The guilt of Mrs.

Sheldon, however, is ultimately shown up, Jo's innocence of concern in the shady transaction is established, and the Prince foregoes the succession to the throne and takes her as his own true wife. The opening comedy scene, in which at a charity bazaar Jo reads the Prince's hand, is a novel opening to a love scene in the second act altogether charming, and played with exquisite grace and refinement by Miss Elliott. The dramatic situation which follows, where "Jo" is apparently shown up as the accomplice of her dishonest step-mother, Miss Elliott acted with genuine emotional power. Charles Cherry presents an agreeable figure as the Prince and acts with distinction and manly force. Herbert Stand-

ing as the ambitious brewer, is within the picture, and his two children, tried and true friends of Jo, are neatly played by Leon Quartermaine and Nellie Thorne. Madge Girdlestone as the step-mother is discreetly dramatic in a part easily overdone, and Suzanne Perry as a type of artificial society is genuinely amusing. But no surer success was scored than that which attached to the really delicious art which Mathilde Cottrelly brought to the rôle of the Prince's dowager aunt. It was in conception and execution an absolutely flawless bit of genial, kindly characterization. In all of Fitch's plays there is at least one scene of whimsical and truthful observation, that which depicts the Botes family—the



EDWARD PEPLE
Author of "The Prince Chap"



Cyril Scott . Alice: "You must give up this child" Grace Kimball



White Claudia: "Now I lay me down to sleep——"

SCENES IN "THE PRINCE CHAP" AT THE MADISON SQUARE THEATRE

morning after a big function, in which every one, tired out and cross from the labors of the previous evening, snarls and snaps at the other is splendidly diverting.

DALY'S. "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON." Musical piece by Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton. Produced Aug. 28, with this cast:

Duke of St. Jermyns, Farren Soutar; Lord Bagdad, Fred Kaye; William Gibson, Fred Wright, Jr.; Lord Yatton, Bert Sinden; Sir John Crystal, W. L. Branscombe; Talleur Andrews, Talleur Andrews; Capt. Rushpool, Frank Norman; The Duchess, Mrs. J. P. West; Lady Caterham, Maud Milton; Lady Crystal, Annie Esmond; Hon. Sophia Bedford, Jane May; Hon. Honoria Bedford, Margaret Fraser; Angela, Edna May; Princess Hohenschowen, Madge Greet; Hon. Ermytrude Dorking, Vivian Vowles.

"The Catch of the Season" is the old story of Cinderella with the almost historic characters changed into modern society men and

women. The locale is English, and one has only to sit in front and listen to know that the authorship is of the same nationality. It is just possible that a considerable number of persons will enjoy this entertainment, the joint effort of five intellects. Seymour Hicks and Cosmo Hamilton wrote the book, Chas. H. Taylor the lyrics, and Haines and Baker the score, with numerous other introduced musical numbers by various composers. To minds attuned to the American quality of wit and humor, the persiflage of "The Catch of the Season" will seem a trifle soggy. In fact, if the truth is to be spoken, this latest importation from London is a very dull affair; nor do the introduced dancers and specialties lighten up the gloom to any very appreciable extent. The score is commonplace throughout. As there are few singers in the company, from the star down, the effect is not brilliant. Edna May is a very pretty young woman of the doll type. Of facial expression there is not a gleam; her long sojourn in the British capital has given her a voice production that is quite remarkable in its remoteness to anything human. Her work is absolutely spoiled by her affectations. Messrs. Kaye and Wright, who have been here before with gaiety companies, are wasted on inane parts. Farren Soutar struggles valiantly with a rôle that is devoid of humor and romance. His agreeable personality, however, accomplishes some effect. Master Louis Victor as an amorous page is genuinely amusing, and would be still more so if he were not so self-conscious. The really redeeming feature of the whole production is the work of Maud Milton as Lady Caterham, the fairy god-mother. A one-time valued member of Sir Henry Irving's company, she showed her sterling training by the authority, variety and surety of her methods. It was a refreshing oasis in a desert of drivel. The costumes are rich and sumptuous, and Ben Teal's stage management is superior to the material he had to work with.

KNICKERBOCKER. "MISS DOLLY DOLLARS." Musical comedy in two acts, by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith. Produced Sept. 4; cast: Dorothy Gay, Lulu Glaser; Lord Burlingham, Melville Stewart; Finney Doolittle, R. C. Herz; Samuel Gay, Charles Bradshaw; Mrs. Gay, Carrie Perkins; Guy Gay, Carter DeHaven; Bertha Billings, O'ive Murray; Celeste, Elsie Ferguson; Lieut. von Richter, Henry Vogel; Miggs, Byron Ongley.

There is one feature in the production of "Miss Dolly Dollars" at the Knickerbocker that is deserving of unstinted praise, and that is the costumes. The managers of numerous shows now on view may well take a leaf from Chas. B. Dillingham's note-book in the matter of feminine sartorial adornment. Here are gowns that are the real thing, charming and harmonious in color, rich in material and impeccable in cut. For the other two distinguishing characteristics of a musical comedy not as much of a laudatory character can be said. Victor Herbert's score is disappointing—disappointing in the fact that it does not come up to the standard he has established for himself. Of course, it is neatly written and scored with that grace which marks all this composer's orchestral efforts, but the melody is a trifle forced, and distinct originality is not a startling feature. Nor can it be said to entirely suit Miss Glaser's voice. Harry B. Smith's book is decidedly good; in spite of the fact that mistaken identity and the *faux pas* of the vulgarly rich are used as comic factors. There is, however, a story, and a number of the introduced types are refreshing in their novelty. The educated fool, most admirably played by R. C. Herz, would carry a much weaker book to deserved success. As the rich American girl who fights off mercenary suitors only in the end to prove the disinterestedness of a poverty-stricken English lord, Miss Glaser acts with all her accustomed vivacity and cheerful good nature. It is a rôle, however, which calls for little subtlety of expression, and none is

wasted. Melville Stewart as Lord Burlingham, who wins Dolly's hand, is easy, and Dolly's family is portrayed with broad dashes of comic color by Charles Bradshaw, Carrie Perkins and Carter De Haven. The latter dances with neatness and grace. Elsie Ferguson is fair to look upon





Hiebert Standing

Maxine Elliott

THE FORTUNE TELLING SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S NEW COMEDY "HER GREAT MATCH"

as a sprightly Parisienne, and the eight foreign suitors are nicely differentiated as to character. But the star performance belongs to Mr. Herz. His dry, quaint humor is irresistible, and his rendering of *"That's the Thing That Keeps Me Guessing All the Time"* is thoroughly artistic.

WALLACK'S. "EASY DAWSON." Comedy by Edward E. Kidder. Produced Aug. 22, with this cast:

Ripley Dawson, Raymond Hitchcock; Henry Titus, John Bunny; Benjamin Grierson, Scott Cooper; Bruce Grierson, Earle Browne; Count Chiquescudi, Nick B.iglio; Wellington Bonaparte, Wm. Martin; Rose Dawson, Julie Herne; Hannah Uoy, Grace Griswold; Sadie Collins, Flora Zabelle; Mrs. Churchill, Jeffreys Lewis; Ernestine Ormsly, Lovell Taylor; Angie Bates, Phyllis Sherwood.

Raymond Hitchcock's translation from the fields of comic opera to the heights of legitimate comedy was not as parlous a feat as the original announcement indicated. In truth, it might be said that the title rôle of "The Yankee Consul" was a far more legitimate piece of character drawing than is "Easy Dawson" in the play of that name now running at Wallack's. Edward E. Kidder, the author of Mr. Hitchcock's new stellar vehicle, is largely associated with a type of bucolic drama made familiar and popular in earlier days by the late Sol Smith Russell. "Easy

Dawson" belongs to the same school of which "Peaceful Valley" and "A Poor Relation" were shining examples. It is a commonplace stringing together of rather impossible effects. It is sadly lacking in cohesion and the transitions of fact are jarring and false. It is a machine-made sketch in which a bibulous inventor, leader of the local fire department, offsets the machinations of the villain who would rob him of the finds of his genius, brings about the married happiness of his daughter and conquers his own weaknesses. It has some incidents of homely truth and humor, but as a whole does not ring true, and at times is more than tedious. It hardly suggests the sophisticated wants of Broadway. However, Mr. Hitchcock has a large following, and his quaint and droll personality intrudes itself frequently with real comic effect. He sings some songs with his accustomed skill and depicts neatly the humorous side of convivial inebriety. John Bunny is an excellent foil as Harry Titus, his rotund friend, and Scott Cooper is harshly realistic as the villain. The juvenile lovers are played with earnestness and charm by Earle Brown and Julie Herne. Jeffreys Lewis' talents are wasted on the rôle of an auto-enthusiast.

(Review of New Plays continued on page vii.)



"Jo" Sheldon (Maxine Elliott) and Prince Adolph (Charles Cherry) find they are very much in love



The True Mission of the Stage

By EUGÈNE BRIEUX, AUTHOR OF "LA ROBE ROUGE," ETC.

Eugène Brieux is a leader among those playwrights in France who plead for an intellectual drama. Like Gerhardt Hauptmann in Germany, he is the dramatic poet of the proletariat, believing that the true mission of the stage is not to provide mere amusement, but to present live, throbbing questions of vital interest to everyday men and women. In his play "Les Remplacantes" he protested against fashionable mothers giving their babies to wet nurses to nourish; in "Bienfaiteurs" he inveighed against the charity-giving evil, and in "La Robe Rouge," performed in New York by Mme. Réjane last winter, he exposed unscrupulous prosecuting attorneys who do not hesitate to send a man to the scaffold if it will serve their own ambition. In the following article this successful stage philosopher sets forth his ideas in a most interesting way.



Eugène Brieux

PROBLEM drama! which bores one to death and makes one blush for shame before our friends, and from which we go home sick in heart and head? No, thank you! When I go to the theatre, I go to be amused, to forget the cares of the day; I want to see life pictured in rosy colors, to believe in love, goodness and joy; I want to feel that I am better than I am, or, at least, to be conscious of my own wisdom when I see how weak others are and what trouble they get into; I want to go home rejuvenated and in a good humor. When I find in the theatre a repetition of my daily cares, when I am disturbed in my ease by being forced to give my attention to things that I usually avoid, if I am to have my digestion spoiled by the

sight of misery and the discussion of social problems, I put myself on the defensive, rebel and scold. I do not want to pay two dollars for the heartache which a truthful presentation of real sorrow gives me. I do not object to seeing a melodrama occasionally, because it does one good to stand on the shore and see how other people struggle with the angry waves when one knows that the sorrow only exists in the poet's imagination, and its very unreality and superhuman greatness quiets one's hypocritical optimism. But I do not want to be forced to reflect seriously on the things around me, to have seeds of pity sown in my self-satisfied soul, which, if I am not careful, may develop into pricks of conscience. They may talk to me about my rights if they want to, but let no one speak to me about my duties. I know what they are well enough, and if I don't fulfill them all I have good grounds for it—grounds which I don't like to hear discussed, lest an uneasy conscience might be the result for me.

Are they right who talk in this way? Is it possible that serious questions can be treated of, developed, even solved, on the stage, where ordinarily the puppets of Cupid strut about, or stupid farce favors us with its antics and tomfoolery? Or, in other words: Has the dramatist the right to make use of other themes than that of love? Books enjoy the freedom of discussing all kinds of subjects. Shall the theatre be condemned by an incomprehensible despotism to limit itself to a single one? Is the theatre a temple which is dedicated to one idol which can never be dethroned? Shall the incense which is burned in this temple ascend to no other trinity than that of husband, wife and lover? I beg leave to be of a different opinion.

What is it, really, that we want to find in the theatre? Ourselves. We want to see life portrayed—our life. The fine lady, wrapped in costly furs, who comes to the theatre in her carriage with liveried footman, is attracted thither by exactly the same feelings as the little seamstress, who has paid for her seat by denying herself some fancied luxury from her meagre table. Banker and poet, millionaire and factory hand, the respected citizen and the ne'er-do-well—all follow the same impulse. All want to recognize themselves behind the masques of the actors.

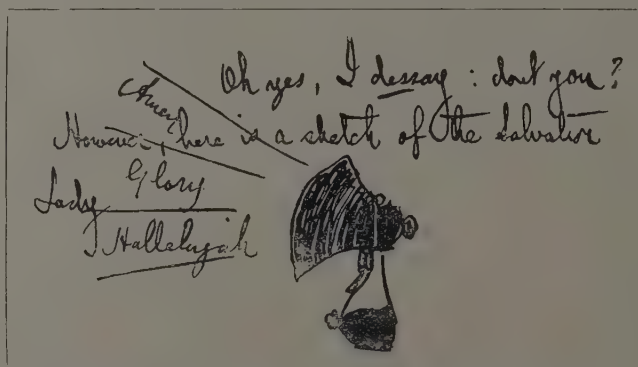
Art is nothing else than sympathy. It is compassion in the etymological sense of the word. We want to feel and suffer and love with other beings, so we go to the theatre and find thereby our own personality more marked. The representation of another's acts awakens in us, through sympathetic joy and sorrow, a life of greater intensity. We choose to think that the ridiculous things they show us on the stage do not refer to us, and we are vain enough to believe that we have all the virtues which we see there. Yes, it seems to us that every act of heroism on the stage sheds a little distinction upon us. Whether we sit in the parquet or in the back row of the top gallery, what we want to see is a representation of those things which go to make up our own life.

What is our life? Two great unconscious struggles. The one we fight in the interests of art—its scenic reproduction is the drama of love (théâtre d'amour). The other is the fight for the maintenance of the individual—its scenic reproduction is the socialist drama (théâtre social).

If the theatre is to be nothing else than a place to rest ourselves in after dining, so as to be ready for the pleasures of the night, then we might just as well close all of the better class of theatres, and keep only the music halls and concert gardens open. Let us burn Æschylus, destroy Sophocles and Euripides, throw Shakespeare and Corneille into the waste basket, and condemn Goethe, Victor Hugo, Henri Becque and Gerhardt Hauptmann to forgetfulness. For it is not "to be amused"—to use the expression of the speaker in the opening paragraph—not amusing when we watch the torments of a son who learns that his uncle has killed his father and married his mother. It will not improve one's digestion to listen to the agony of a man whose despair is so awful that he tears his eyes out of their sockets. It is impossible to go home from a theatre where "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Faust" (I do not refer to the opera), "The Ravens" or "The

Weavers" have been acted, and feel entirely at ease.

And yet these plays are acted in all the languages of the civilized world, and always find an audience. There is, then, a public that is satisfied to see other subjects than marital unfaithfulness and horseplay on the stage. There are people to whom the stage is more than a drawing-room.



From London Sketch

A sketch by George Bernard Shaw, of the Salvation Army heroine in his next play, "Major Barbara," in which Annie Russell may be seen in America

Bernard Shaw's Satirical Comedy, "Man and Superman"



Louis Massen

Fay Davis

Robert Loraine

Mrs. Bloodgood

L. F. Clark

Alfred Hickman

ACT I. John Tanner denounces the family's pharisaical treatment of the indiscreet Violet



ACT II. Ann's mother kindly permits her daughter to take a spin with John Tanner



What is there unusual in this? In the show windows of the book-stores do not novels and philosophical works lie side by side? Can not the same man find just as much pleasure in the one as in the other, although not necessarily the same kind of pleasure? What despot, what tyrant has decreed that the theatre is the only channel for the expression of human thought which has to limit itself to obscenity and vulgarity? If I am an artist I am free to depict the beautiful Venus arising out of the waves of the sea or the grimy miner coming up out of the shaft. Murillo's brush paints alternately the mystical beauty of the queen of Heaven and the tatters of a Spanish beggar boy. But in the theatre, the poet is condemned to treat only of Venus.

Of all the means given to man to communicate his thoughts, his beliefs, his passions, his sorrows, his fears to others the theatre is the mightiest, and you would force it to give expression to nothing but low thoughts, exotic passions, boudoir sorrows, and the anxieties of faint-hearted lovers. It can not be. The dramatic poet has the right to treat of other things. And this right which he has formerly exercised in producing tragedies he now exercises in producing the socialist drama.

The socialist drama is the successor of classic tragedy. What subject is treated in the first and most beautiful of tragedies, "Prometheus"? What is the subject matter of all tragedies of antiquity? The combats of the gods. What do the great dramas of Shakespeare and Racine picture? The combats of kings. What ought to be the material for the modern drama? The combat of the masses.

After a prolonged contemplation of the inaccessible Olympus and the mysterious palaces of kings, we become more conscious of our own worth and position in life. We begin to put a value on ourselves and dramatic art, which has begun to lose interest in the combats of Jupiter and Minerva, Mars and Vulcan, Antonius and Cæsar, of Ludwig XIV. and Henrietta of England, casts a glance at the misery of simple mortals, at their continual struggles, at the clash of their desires and their sufferings, and a new form of the drama arises.

Each period of time has its own form of destiny and its theatre. The first period was predominated by the awe-inspiring rule of the gods, and the stage of the time was occupied with the representation of their vengeance and their atrocities. Then came the period of tyrants and men of might. The boards of the stage groaned under the

weight of these wearers of crowns and coats of arms. Today the mass is tyrannized by the mass. In the struggle for existence the power of production forms the mightiest weapon, and it is not to be wondered at that the wings echo with new cries of pain.

The first struggle represented on the modern stage was that of love against material or moral obstacles. For a long time every play had the same theme: youthful lovers, and the trials they had to pass through before they could be united. The usual obstacles were the objections of the parents or the inequalities of rank and fortune. But the time came when the dramatist had exhausted this theme. Then marital infidelity offered them its treasures. Today the plays do not end at marriage; they begin there. The problem is no longer, "What shall they do to attain the happiness they long for." On the contrary, it is expressed somewhat like this: "They are happy—will a lover or a mistress come between them?" Or we are shown a couple unhappily married, an imprudent wife or a dissolute husband, both of whom seek happiness outside of wedlock.

After the dramatists had once entered this path, they followed it to the end. They thought out every situation possible between the married pair, and the lover and mistress, and calmly chose the most indecent, because it seemed to them to be the newest and most unheard of. People were entirely carried away with the subject. A faithful or happy wife no longer existed—on the stage. A moral lawlessness was portrayed, which even the dramatists must have considered impossible. Faithlessness seemed to be the normal condition of marriage. When these three-cornered relations were exhausted, the search was made for something new, something that had not yet been represented, and it was found by

increasing the number of heroes. The result was an indecency that was nauseating.

I am sorry to say that in this rare game the French authors showed themselves especially clever, inventive and unconscientious. And they played it with a cheerful countenance, without being any more moved than in a game of chess. If they were fortunate enough, in moving around their human chessmen, to discover some situation more repulsive and unheard of than former

ones, their smile was only more self-satisfied than usual. They were satisfied with themselves when they could give check to healthy human reason and checkmate to respect for woman.

If this remarkable game had had no other results than the temporary degradation of those who took part in it, it could be passed



HELEN BERTRAM
Who will be seen in a new Broadway production this fall



JAMES MCINTYRE AND T. K. HEATH IN "THE HAM TREE"

over with averted countenance. But unfortunately foreigners naively inferred that it was the French wife who was the heroine of the French play. This is by no means true. As a matter of fact there are in Paris, as in all large cities, hundreds of people who live in the most abandoned way, and this is the type we learn to know in most of the French dramas. But the real French woman does not resemble them in the least. She does not, forsooth, sit by the fire and spin, but she differs from the respectable wives of other countries only in this: that she is virtuous without being morose, she is good without making a show about it, faithful but not dull, she knows how to be at the same time a dutiful wife and a good-natured one.

It further appears to me as if the French public, which at first seemed to find pleasure in such things, at last reacted against them and turned its interests in other directions. After the theatre had set before us all possible variations of love, both before marriage

and after, it seems to have said everything there was to say within the province of Art, that is, it had exhausted the material of the théâtre d'amour, so it naturally turned to things which relate to the preservation of the individual.

To maintain itself, the individual must conform itself to the society to which it belongs, must submit to certain influences, be subject to other individuals. The stage no longer represents man's revolt against the heathen Ananta, but it shows us the efforts which are made to fight against inheritance, the modern form of fate. The Atride will have to be rewritten. How the hearts of our contemporaries swell with indignation as they witness man's struggles against the tyrants of to-day, against the despotism of wealth, against the unholy powers which have arisen out of the new conditions of civilization which must in turn be conquered by the civilization which has created them.

We live in a time of fermentation such as no former century has known. The world is in a state of continual change. The social phenomena arise with unusual quickness. We are in touch with events which happen at the other end of the world as if our slender nerve fibres were prolonged to infinity. For the first time the words are true: "I am a man and nothing human is unknown to me." The whole world trembles now at some event which formerly it would have taken twenty years to find out about; and perhaps at this very moment some scholar is holding vigil in his smoky, obscure laboratory over curious instruments which shall



Hall Ann (Fay Davis) to John (Robert Loraine): "I wonder are you really a clever man"
ACT I. "MAN AND SUPERMAN" AT THE HUDSON

bring forth something, some scientific, industrial or social discovery, which will revolutionize the civilized world.

But what suffering this progress will cause before its benefits will be assured to mankind. Every step forward crushes millions of beings. And it is not the whim of a god or the frown of a potentate which calls into being such unavoidable but beneficial catastrophes. They may have had their origin in the brain of some isolated, unknown man. Prometheus has given man the lightning which he wrested from the gods. New organizations are formed, the barriers which were created to separate men into castes and nationalities disappear or change their form. The whim of a capitalist can starve a nation, all too quickly a new hierarchy arises against which battle must be waged. The volcano threatens, and never were the noises which announce its eruption more awful.

And we, the dramatic poets, the possessors of the mightiest avenues of speech, we

must content ourselves by prying out and revealing petty domestic secrets—an occupation far from soul satisfying and which permits many a higher ideal. *Translated by Manfred Lilliefors.*

Augustus Thomas, in an interview in the New York *Herald*, is reported as saying that he never feels impelled to see a Shaw play any more than an Ibsen play. "I saw but one Ibsen play," says Mr. Thomas, "that was quite sufficient." Perhaps if Mr. Ibsen were to see "De Lancey" he might feel inclined to return the American dramatist's compliment.

Once more is Edmond Rostand accused of plagiarism! According to a despatch to the New York *World* Georges Polti, a French dramatic author, states that he submitted to the Gymnase, Odéon and other theatres four years ago a piece containing rôles for lion, wolf, deer, hen, dog and other animals; that the directors of these institutions, who are great friends of Rostand, must have known the play, because they had read it, and probably communicated the subject matter to Rostand, who plagiarized it just as he "stole *Cyrano* from the Chicagoan Gross' play, 'The Merchant Prince of Cornville.'" The *World* correspondent telegraphed Rostand, who answered telegraphically from the South of France: "I am a doomed man. Apparently all my ideas are stolen. This time I thought myself surely original. I may say my original idea came from the old French play called 'Le Roman de Renart,' but I found by the Gross experience that it was useless to make excuses; let them call me a plagiarist if they think best. However, I never heard of Polti or his play." M. Polti is the author of a work entitled "The Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations."

An intelligent foreigner who arrived in New York recently, and made the round of the metropolitan theatres, remarked: "Are you all children in America? There is not a serious thought, not a suggestion of the intellectual in anything I have seen. If all is typical of your stage to-day, I predict there will be no dramatic art in America 20 years hence."

Our leading players all had to travel the hard road of adversity. The fittest survived the ordeal; the incompetents fell by the way. In this series, actors and actresses, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money often without enough to eat, before success came.

My Beginnings

By WILTON LACKAYE

treasures, now famous, will themselves tell each month how they worked humbly and patiently in obscurity, without money often without enough to eat, before success came.

WHEN I went upon the stage I was seventeen, and had encountered the usual parental obstacles and the change from what fond relatives had thought was a predestined career. I had wished to be



Wilton Lackaye at seven

a priest, had even begun studying for the priesthood. My father was the only one who differed from my view that I had such a vocation. A vocation, as we regard it, is different from a call. A call is an opportunity to get all you can, but a vocation is giving up everything you have. My father thought I was not adapted to the life. I believe he had already concluded that the vow of celibacy would be my chief stumbling block. But it had been arranged that I should go to that school for young priests, the Propaganda, in Rome, and we had gotten as far as our journey

as New York and engaged our passage to Havre.

But we lingered for two weeks in New York and went to the theatre every night. I contracted that disease which everyone acquires at some time. Often it does not last, but everyone has it at some time or other. I was stage struck. The germ entered my system the night father and I went to the Madison Square Theatre to see "Esmeralda." Annie Russell was playing in it, I remember, and Eben Plympton. While watching Plympton act I decided not to go to Rome. I would remain in America. After all, I had a vocation, but it was not what I had at first thought. My vocation was the stage. After convincing myself I endeavored to convince my father. He said: "Your vocation is the padded cell." And back we went ingloriously to Baltimore and mother.

Since the governor was unalterably opposed to the stage we compromised on the law, and I began to study Blackstone. Or I would have studied Blackstone had I not been elected president of the Lawrence Barrett Dramatic Society. That office absorbed all my youthful energies. We invited Mr. Barrett to come to one of the performances of the society which had been named after him. When the performance was over he asked me if I wanted to go on the stage. I answered in the affirmative in as repressed a manner as my budding hopes would permit. He offered to take me with him the next season, and I accepted with secret pride but outward humility.

That would appear to have been luck or good fortune, and yet there entered into it the element of choice, for I had at nearly the same time a chance to go with a melodrama, something like a number 13 company playing a Union Square success. My salary with the Barrett company was twenty dollars a week, for a season of thirty weeks. It sounds like a good salary for that time, but



Otto Sarony Co
WILTON LACKAYE

had I gone with the melodrama company I would have had to play one part the entire season. In the Barrett company I knew I would have a chance to play several.

After the season with Lawrence Barrett I came to New York and looked for an engagement. I had all the experiences known or imagined and groaned over today by young men who want to be actors. I went into the agents' office three or four times a day until I was tired, and they were certainly tired of seeing me. I resorted to writing letters to myself, so that I might, with more countenance, present myself in the office. After receiving the letter I would say, "Oh, by the way, anything for me?"

"No. When there is we will send for you," was the invariable reply accompanied by an agent's frown. But I kept on calling.

The managers did not escape without attentions from me. I called on them, too. Of course, I was met by an office boy, who stood between me and the manager. The diminutive guardian of the threshold had invariably all the insolence of his race.

"What do you want?" was the usual formula of the boy.

"I want to see Mr. Blank in regard to an engagement."

"There is nothing," the boy would answer stiffly, and I would go away, but would soon come back. I kept on calling until the manager did see me. It was, I suppose, the gift of the prognathous jaw.

I was finally engaged for "May Blossom," and remained with it part of a season, joining Carrie Swain, in "Tad the Tomboy," for the rest. I did not sing, my chief duty being to sit on the stage and approve Miss Swain's singing.

For the first eight years after the season with Barrett I played continuously, winter and summer. Luck? Not a bit of it. If I hadn't an engagement I would get one. I would keep on trying till I got one, an economic principle actors would do well to follow. And, another economic principle, if I couldn't get what I wanted I would take what I could get. I always saved something, because I always lived on less than I earned. If, as when I played with the summer stock company at the Orphan Asylum at Dayton, Ohio, I earned fifteen dollars a week, I lived on twelve. I had no necessities. If I could not afford something I got on very well without it. We lived at the dormitory on the campus of the asylum, and I literally walked through the summer, because I played only



Wilton Lackaye at 20



Photo Hall

JOHN DREW AND MARGARET DALE

In Augustus Thomas' new comedy "De Lancey" at the Empire Theatre, New York

walking parts. Need I say that I found it a long walk?

Whenever the forked road, one way of which led to ease and the other to professional experience, confronted me, I chose what seemed to the short-sighted to be the wrong way. For instance, I once had to choose between playing Pierre, the cripple, in Kate Claxton's "The Two Orphans" company, and small, almost no parts, in Fanny Davenport's repertoire company. I chose Miss Davenport's company at one-half the salary, to the amazement and stern disapproval of the boys who were of my crowd. Most of them, I am sorry to say, are where they were then, having sacrificed every chance for advancement for the immediate salary. During the eight continuous years of which I speak I was a member of the Fanny Davenport company, in which I at least learned how to fasten on chain mail, to walk across the stage as men of differing periods and stations in life would do, how to forget my hands, and other necessary rudiments, with Rose Coghlan in "Jocelyn," with James O'Neil in "Dead Heart," McKee Rankin in "Canuck," and Barry M. Fay, Elsie Fay's father. While with Miss Davenport I played the part of a servant, the French valet in "Fedora." It was the only character in the play that was not Russian, and did not speak Russian. The fact that the character spoke French gave me a chance to use gestures in keeping with the nationality.

"Why do you do that?" some one asked me. "It is needless."

"Because I want to learn how to play a Frenchman," I replied.

It was well, for it happened that the next season I had a French part in "Alan Dare," a companion part for that which I had elaborated in "Fedora."

There is something in every part. It is the duty of an actor to find and develop it.

There is a great deal of complaint just now by young actors

that this and that manager "suppresses individuality." In my years as a beginner I never had any such quarrel with managers. On the contrary, then as now, managers were so glad to find that

an actor thought about his part at all, that they welcomed his suggestions. The trouble is not that an actor has the wrong idea about his part, but that he has no idea at all. When the manager is charged with "suppressing individuality," he is guilty of trying to teach technique.

I recall an instance of a young woman, not at all facile, who was asked to do something simple, like crossing the stage properly, and after trying twenty times, did not do it to the satisfaction of the star and manager. She treated them to her scorn, and came over to where I was sitting.

"You are an artist (she meant that they were not), you know what I mean. I have the feeling but I cannot express it," she said.

"Yes," said I, "I know what you mean. I have the feeling of the violin but I can't express it."

You will find that the person who cries that his "individuality is being suppressed" hasn't anything to suppress. Technique never denies inspiration, nor inspiration technique. Electricity requires mechanical furnishings.

While I was rehearsing for the part of Jefferson Stockton in "Aristocracy," I discovered how invaluable an aid a phonograph may be to an actor. I made a record of my part when I might have thought I had my intonations and inflections at a state of perfection, when I might have thought there was not a flaw in my delivery, so hard had I worked with the part. But so far from its being perfect, I noted just one hundred errors and faults in the way I spoke the lines. One may think he is reading a line correctly, and be as far from perfection as the phonograph informed me to my amazement I was.

WILTON LACKAYE.



NAT M. WILLS
In "The Duke of Duluth" at the Majestic



Hall

John Bunny, as the chief's chum

Raymond Hitchcock, as the bibulous fire chief

Phyllis Sherwood, as the irrepressible youngster

SCENE IN EDWARD E. KIDDER'S RURAL COMEDY, "EASY DAWSON"

How Comic Operas Are Written

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

FRANK PIXLEY, the author of "The Prince of Pilsen," "King Dodo" and other successful musical pieces, has been writing for the stage for ten years. After graduating from the State University at Columbus, Ohio, he studied law for two years, and then deciding he had enough of Blackstone, he studied medicine for the same length of time. This also proved distasteful, and he taught English for a time at Buchten College at Akron, Ohio. Finally, he purchased the Akron Times, changed it from a weekly to a daily, and, in addition to his editorial work, acted as political correspondent for various Eastern papers. Later, he became managing editor of the Chicago Mail. From there he drifted to the Chicago Times-Herald, now the Record-Herald.

"I became dissatisfied," said Mr. Pixley in telling a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative of his early work. "I felt that the reward contained in the little yellow envelope at the end of the week was not enough for my efforts. I wanted to do something bigger."

About 1896 his first play, "The Carpet Bagger," was produced in Toledo, Tim Murphy taking the leading rôle.

"I had not seen any of the rehearsals," said Mr. Pixley. "I was sure of the later acts, but the first I felt to be weakest, so I knew that if the first act was a success the rest would be. Before the end of the first act the star and all the company were called before the curtain. When I realized the hit it had made I went out before the second act and telegraphed my resignation to the Herald."

The Herald was loth to lose so good a man, and they delayed getting anyone to fill Pixley's place, and eight weeks passed before Pixley's resignation was accepted as final, and then they said to him: "Whenever you want to come back you will always find your desk awaiting you; just hang up your hat and go to work." The desk is still waiting and Pixley's hat is still following its owner around the world.

About the time Pixley left the Herald there was a Chicago stock company with an all-the-year lease theatre on its hands. Hearing of Pixley's success with "The Carpet Bagger," they asked him to write them a musical comedy for summer production, merely as a rent payer. So, in collaboration with Gustav Luders, Mr. Pixley set to work, and "The Burgomaster" was the result. For seventeen weeks it ran to packed houses, and its success surpassed all expectations. Before this—in fact, before even "The Carpet Bagger" had been written—Mr. Pixley had put in his spare time writing a comic opera, which, however, he had been unable to sell. Everyone turned it down, saying he was not fitted for that kind of thing and had better give it up. But when the next manager applied for a production Pixley went fishing in his trunk, and from beneath piles of linen and love letters he drew out his majesty, "King Dodo," which was accepted with



Armstrong

FRANK PIXLEY CONSTRUCTING A LIBRETTO

alacrity, put on at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, and ran for 243 nights to crowded houses. The original idea for "King Dodo" is contained in the seeking of Ponce de Leon for the Fountain of Youth. After its production three writers came to Mr. Pixley, accusing him of stealing their ideas, and one of them threatened to sue him. Pixley calmly asked for the date of the other man's play. As "King Dodo" had been written six years before and had lain dormant in his trunk, his priority of idea was fully established, though he laughed as he assured the man who claimed the original idea that he did not claim it as his own, since Ponce de Leon had promulgated that belief centuries before!

By this time Pixley and Luders had won a market for anything they might turn out. Manager Savage, who had produced "King Dodo," now signed a blank contract for the next piece of work turned out by the

two clever writers, and Luders and Pixley immediately packed their trunks and went to Europe, where, travelling through nine countries, they wrote "The Prince of Pilsen," a piece which has played twelve engagements in New York alone, and is considered the most popular of its class ever written. "Woodland" was Mr. Pixley's next success.

"It's queer how some songs take and others do not," said Mr. Pixley to the present writer, as he flicked cigar ash from his smart tan shoes. "I asked Luders to pick out a song in 'The Burgomaster' which he thought would make the biggest hit and I did the same. Well, if you would believe it, the two numbers we had marked were the only two in the piece the audience did not like, while the 'Bumble Bee' song, which we had thought scarcely passable, made the hit of the piece, and 5,000 copies of it were sold."

Mr. Pixley is very enthusiastic over his work. He loves it and lives for it. His wife writes very clever verses, but says all her ambition is for him. Mr. Pixley's pet particular fad is his collection of photographs, which is one of the finest in the country. Charming at all times, Mr. Pixley's smile is irresistible, and, incidentally, he is handsome and well groomed. He is tall, of strong, athletic build, with a fine brow and aristocratic nose, dark brown hair and dark eyes, in which there is just the touch of the dreamer. When he speaks it is in a well modulated voice that is pleasant to hear. He chats very informally and delightfully about his work, and gives fascinating glimpses of life behind the curtain. He spent the past winter in Pasadena, California, where he wrote a new musical comedy for Charles Frohman which will be produced this season in New York and London.

"It is curious," he said, "how many people confuse musical comedy with comic opera. Comic opera deals with the imaginary, while musical comedy must keep close to the real. It must never treat of anything that is not true to life. Costumes, scenery,

action, all must be in keeping. It must be modern in every sense. The people and costumes must be those of today. There can be no flight of the imagination. 'King Dodo' is a comic opera. The leading character is king of Dodo-land. You don't know where that is; neither do I. 'The Prince of Pilsen,' on the other hand, is a musical comedy.

"How do I set out to write a new piece?" smiled Mr. Pixley, as he selected a cigar from his case and slowly lighted it. "Well, if you want to visit my workshop you will find it very elaborately furnished with a Faber No. 2 and a pad of paper. My plays are built out of air and located in the realm of fancy. But it is all very real to me as I write. I see every movement in im-



Otto Sarony Co.

James Young in "Tom Brown of Harvard"

prima donna. You must have a comedian, and there must be foils for him, for he can't be funny alone. Then there is usually a sou-brette, and sometimes an ingenue needed to develop the story. Your funny man may be a tramp or a king—anything you choose—but he must be there. After you have settled your characters the next thing to do is to divide the play into acts. An act marks a division of time, and you will find your play falling, naturally, into these divisions. The difference between an act and a scene is that two scenes may take place simultaneously, while the act shows a lapse of time. The average musical comedy is divided into two

acts, though some have three. If there are but two acts, one act has two scenes. In a musical comedy there are from eighteen to twenty-four musical numbers, divided nearly equally among the acts. No two numbers of the same kind must ever follow each other. That is, a humorous piece must not be followed by a second funny one; if it is, one will fall flat. Some numbers that are unsuccessful in one part of the piece make a great hit in another, and vice versa. Why? I cannot explain it, but I know that it is so.

"A musical comedy has a three-fold office to perform: it must appeal to the eye, the ear and the intelligence. The location is the most important thing. No operetta located in the United States could ever be a success, because it would lack the right conditions—the proper setting, costumes, people. Our work demands the bizarre, the unique. The playwright must locate his piece in a country where he can find the right people and costumes for good choruses. For example: a piece located in Newport might present a chorus of summer girls. In one scene they might be dressed in white, in another in pink or yellow, or orange, but they would still be summer girls, and the novelty would be lacking to make the piece go. Of course, a piece must have back-bone, too," he continued, "and the complication is much like that in the novel.



THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN IRELAND

"The first thing is to write a scenario, an analysis of your piece—the skeleton of your play, in which you outline the whole. This forms a kind of sailing chart. Then after you have formulated your story you must settle your characters. You see, it's much like making a plum pudding: first mix your pudding and then drop in the raisins.

"Of course, you must have a prima donna who is a good singer—and if she is good looking and a good actress so much the better, but she must be a good singer. Even then at rehearsals you hear her warbling over your songs as though she had a hot potato in her mouth. You must also have a tenor. Nobody but a tenor can ever make love to a

ley, a bit ruefully. "Sometimes the trouble is with the music, and the composer has to keep at work till he gets just the right thing. At other times it is in the lines, and they have to be worked over. Why, I have written verses enough for the waste basket to reach from here to Pittsburg!

"The music of 'The Prince' was written between meals and all the time. On the morning of the first production the overture was not yet written! Luders had tried to get at it but could not seem to get the right touch, and said he would write the thing the night before the performance. Well, that night I went over to his rooms and found everything in confusion. Music was scattered over the floor



Armstrong

MARY BOLAND

New leading woman with Robert Edeson



Sarony
MARGARET ANGLIN
Now appearing at the Princess Theatre, New York



White
GUY BATES POST
Playing the leading role in "The Heir to the Hoorah."



Baker Art Gallery ALICE NEILSEN
About to return to America for a tour in grand opera

and in the midst sat Luders frantically trying to write. 'It's no use, Pixley,' he said; 'I simply can't do it; I'm used up.' The man had been working night and day, and I saw he would not be fit for anything the next day, so I took the thing in my own hands. I had studied medicine a little myself, and knew what he needed; so I sent across to the drug store for a good, stiff dose of bromedia, gave it to him and sent him to bed. I told the boy to get him out at six o'clock the next morning—to keep at him till he got up and not to take no for an answer. In the morning he was all right and the overture was written.

"It is oftentimes difficult to adjust a certain musical number to the stage. There must be legitimate sequence. People cannot be brought on to sing, alone. There must be some natural action develop from the entrance. There must be some reason for them to be on, and for everything they do there must be some evident reason.

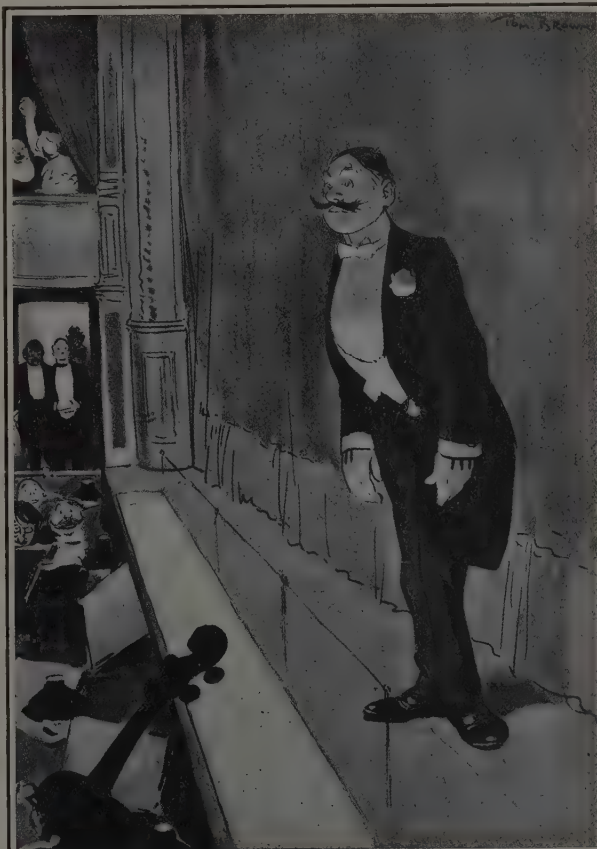
"The work of the librettist and composer has but just begun when all the writing is done. They must then consult the scenic artist, who makes a miniature stage with all the colors and scenery and various effects, just as the real stage will be, and then all three go over it together. Perhaps the artist thinks a change at this corner will be better; maybe you see that a bit of woodland scenery should be substituted for a rose garden. Next you must visit the costumer; the book is read and re-read to him and the matter of costuming the characters is considered. Every character will change at least three or four times, and some of the chorus girls six

or seven times in one piece, so you see there are a great many costumes to be planned for each play. A water-color sketch is made of every costume required, and this takes much time. Then the electrician must be consulted. This is very important. We use electricity for many things—for waterfalls, rain, snow; we make sunrises and moonlight and lightning. White light is seldom used on the stage. What the casual observer takes for white light is usually amber. The 'make-up' and 'props' would show

too clearly in a white glare. There are from five to twenty-five electricians throwing lights, and sometimes five different lights are used at one time to gain the desired effect.

"Another very important point is that the costumes must match the atmosphere. If your piece begins in the mellow, yellow light of afternoon and deepens into the blue of moonlight, you must use great care in the selection of material. Suppose you want an autumn scene, with the falling, yellow leaves and tints of October. What would be a yellow dress in the afternoon light would turn to a vivid green when seen under the blue light necessary for moonlight effects, and you would have a verdant spring scene. So a chart for the lights is made and followed very closely.

"Then, after the electrician there is the property man to be seen. If the soldiers need swords, or tin cups, out of which to drink air, he furnishes them. If artificial flowers are to be used, he must know just how many and what colors, and he provides them at the proper time.



From the *Tatler*
Successful playwright responding nervously to cries for "Author" on a first night. Tom Browne, the English humorist, seems to have taken for his model a well-known American dramatist

After this the manager who is to produce the play is to be seen and then the stage manager is visited. By this time the piece is considered ready for rehearsals, which continue from ten to twelve hours a day for four or five weeks. And there are seven or eight kinds of rehearsals. There is the rehearsal of the dialogue of the principals; one for the music of the principals; a rehearsal of the male chorus; of the female chorus; of both together; there are rehearsals for the light and color effects. And then, after all the separate parts have been rehearsed by themselves, there are the ensemble rehearsals, and then at last the final dress rehearsal. Then we are ready to produce the piece. If you like it, and tell your friends about it, we make some money. If you don't we may lose a great deal. The theatre is more of a gamble than the wheat market," and Mr. Pixley smiled quizzically.

"Does Mrs. Pixley assist you in your work?" asked the writer with interest, as an attractive woman with fluffy brown hair and a stunning princess robe of pale gray passed near where we were sitting, and I caught the flash of a magnetic glance from the blue to the brown eyes. For Mr. Pixley and his little French-Canadian wife are still in love with each other, and refreshingly devoted, though they have been married for eleven years, and long ago passed the milestone at which conjugal interest is supposed to disappear.

"Yes, indeed, very materially," said Mr. Pixley enthusiastically. "She is my best critic. I usually find her suggestions are just right, and when she does not like a thing I generally change it, for I always see where it can be bettered. I remember once we had a song which I thought would make a hit, but when we tried it, it wasn't popular. 'It needs more people,' said Mrs. Pixley, so we introduced one more and made it a trio. It went better, but still it wasn't very well received. 'Make it a chorus,' said Mrs. Pixley. 'What it needs is more people.' I followed her suggestion and the song made a great hit. You see, her intuition and judgment are usually correct." Mrs. Pixley, or "Billee," as her husband affectionately calls her, often travels abroad, absorbing local color for him, while he stays at home and writes. In this way she gets suggestions for the proper costuming and staging of the piece. Recently, while he was engaged in writing a new piece, she spent six weeks in the Hawaiian Islands studying the natives and getting ideas. This fall both will visit Japan to get data and inspiration.

Mr. Pixley has broken all records and proved the exception to the popular superstition among theatrical folk that bad luck follows three great successes, and that a librettist must inevitably suffer defeat after three hits. Mr. Pixley, I believe, is the only librettist who has had four consecutive successes. After the great

hit made by "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," and "The Prince of Pilsen," some of the players would have nothing to do with the next piece, as they thought it must be the inevitable failure. But on the contrary, "Woodland," which Mr. Pixley wrote two years ago on the roof garden of the Green Hotel at Pasadena, California, has proved a great success.

One characteristic of Mr. Pixley's work is its extreme neatness. The first copies of most authors' manuscripts are wonders to be-

hold in the matter of errors, interlineations and erasures, but not a crossed-out word, not an error of any kind marks the perfect pages. One secret of this playwright's success is that he is not content with mere success. If a piece makes a hit he still goes on trying to improve this scene, substituting a new song there, adding a bit of dialogue, changing a costume, till each part seems as nearly perfect as he can make it. It may be that the substitution is not so good as the original. If not he discards it and tries again. He and his collaborator, Gustav Luders, work together in this, and never tire of trying to improve their already accepted work. As an example of this it is interesting to know that the finale of the second act of "King Dodo" is the eighteenth one which was written.

"I believe a great deal of importance attaches to the name of the piece," said Mr. Pixley, "and I sometimes change the name several times. 'The Prince' was first called 'The Barbarians,' and 'The Burgomaster' had its name changed from the original. Indeed, it proved so hard to name, that its final christening did not take place till three days

before it was first produced. This piece was produced after three and a half weeks of rehearsals."

Mr. Pixley has also written an eccentric comedy, "The Dollar Mark," which has not yet been offered to any one. "I simply had to get it out of my system," said the author, laughing, "so I wrote it."

GRACE HORTENSE TOWER.



Hall
Helga (Drina de Wolfe) goads Thora (Charlotte Walker) to despair
ACT II. "THE PRODIGAL SON" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

PINERO

Pinero passes many a sleepless night

O'er problem plays, to make them all the rage;
The women with a Past exhaust him quite,
Providing futures for them on the stage.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

Star Actor (to Dramatic Critic)—So you really think I have no dramatic ability.

Dramatic Critic—Not a particle. But what of that? Look at your wardrobe!

Scenes in Hall Caine's New Drama, "The Prodigal Son"



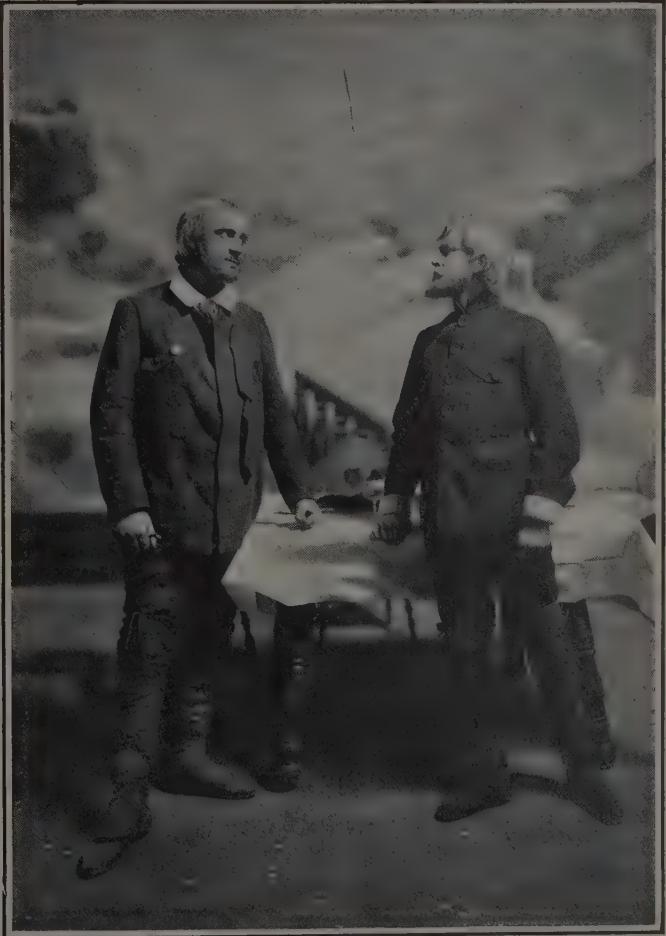
Charlotte Walker as Thora Aubrey Boucicault as Oscar
ACT I. The letter from Magnus



E. J. Morgan as Magnus
ACT II. Magnus warns Oscar to be faithful to Thora



Photos by Hall
Drina de Wolfe as Helga
ACT III. Helga's passionate plea



E. J. Morgan Aubrey Boucicault
ACT IV. After many years



Photos by Hall

THREE DIFFERENT PHASES OF MAY IRWIN'S EXPRESSIVE FACE

May Irwin on Humor, Home and Business

(CHATS WITH PLAYERS No. 43)

"I AM a serious woman."

May Irwin looked smilelessly at her interviewer. She who stands chiefly to American audiences for humor and to the American public at large for business sagacity, measured by a long rent roll and a corpulent bank account and had been asked to discourse on these subjects, would have dismissed the first with one sentence.

"It is true," she persisted when looked to for explanation. "There is not a woman in the United States who has had a harder time in life than I, and it makes a woman serious to remember, for instance, that there are thirty-three persons who look to her as that number do to me. The thirty-three are relatives or servants whom it is my duty and my pleasure to help. My mother, for instance, whom I support, my brothers, who have families, and there is Sarah. It was Sarah who brought you upstairs. She has been with me seventeen years. She has four children, three daughters and Bobbie. Do you remember that I had out an eight-sheet poster a few years ago—a cunning little pickaninny that I held in my arms? Sarah's Bobbie is the original of that poster. If anything happened to Sarah, of course I would look after them. Yes, I may be said to be the head of a family of thirty-three, white and black."

No. 16 West Sixty-eighth Street, which houses Miss Irwin when she is in New York, is a five-storied, cream-colored brick structure, whose spacious swelled windows suggested the pleasing rotundity of the chatelaine.

Within, as Miss Irwin had forewarned by telephone, there was the disorder that makes for greater order, the annual house-cleaning that must wait for the actress' return from her tour, even though the tour should be prolonged into August. Rugs were rolled into huge dark shapes that perched upon covered couches or loomed, indistinct shapes, from remote corners. Floors shone and perspired from their recent thorough cleansing. Through the long, open halls came the sound of electricians at their tedious repairing, but out of the momentary chaos emerged a smiling, middle-aged colored woman with the low, musical voice of her race, who led the wayfarer up two flights, and to the open door of a wide-walled, sunny, front room, which, when chaos becomes cosmos once more, will resolve itself into the capacious den of the funniest stage woman in America.

Miss Irwin sat at a business-looking desk engaged in the prosaic pursuit of filing household receipts—a blonde, strong-jawed woman, fashioned on ample lines, with long, narrow, gray

eyes, in which smiles lurked and flitted, smiles which seldom reached the lips of a straight, determined mouth. She wore a white duck skirt and a white dotted Swiss bodice, short-sleeved and open-necked. In the early morning hours this costume had been daintily fresh. At noon it bore the marks of honorable toil, for the commander-in-chief of the household forces had led a dusting skirmish, a shadow of which lay lightly upon her cheek. May Irwin, star of "Mrs. Black Is Back," wearer of pink chiffons and point laces and diamonds, had died with the perished season of 1904-5. She would not be resurrected until Mrs. Black started on tour late in August. We had before us May Irwin, housewife, a most acceptable creature. The domestic stage was unset. It was a bare, unpoetic morning rehearsal. Miss Irwin made no apologies for nebulous conditions. One swift sentence by telephone the day before had disposed of them. She had kept her promise of a chat at noon, and she met the caller on the habitable grounds of understanding and sincerity.

"Humor is spontaneous," she said. "It is born with one or it is not. It cannot be acquired, and it cannot be forced. To illustrate: I often receive letters from magazines asking me to write on the humorous side of this or that. Many times I sit, my fountain pen clutched in my hand, my features tense as a tragedian's. And nothing happens. I have to write the editor, 'I can't. That's all.' Sometimes it is quite otherwise. The subject happens to come within the scope of my observations, is comprised in the radius of my interest. The other day an editor wrote me to write about the funny things I had seen on street cars. I wrote it at once because it was something I had noticed and was a favorite subject of mine. Notice the next time you get on a street car the worried look of the men and women, the jaws thrust out, the forehead gathered into hard knots, the lips drooping, the eyes hard and sullen. If there is one pleasant face, one good-natured looking person on the car, your eyes wander back again and again to look at him. I said 'him,' for it is almost always a man. Men are more cheerful than women. If things are unpleasant at home the man can go out, get away from and forget it. Women stay at home and nurse the unpleasant thing, whatever it is. Their thoughts turn inward. They brood. Poor, foolish creatures! As though anything on earth were worth ruining their tempers and their outlook upon life.

"To me humor is not analyzable. It comes or it does not. It is as mysterious and less controllable than electricity. That which is called the comic mind seizes upon the funny points in a

Scenes in "The Catch of the Season" at Daly's



Photos by Hall

Edna May as the modern Cinderella who, after being snubbed by two haughty sisters, wins a duke for a husband

play and makes the most of them. The person who taught me, helped me more than anyone else in learning to make those points, was Augustin Daly. The 'Gov'nor' was glacial at times, but I loved him. Dear old Tony Pastor had spoiled me by allowing me to have my own way. If I didn't want to do anything he had suggested as an improvement, I didn't, and it was all right.

"When I went to Daly's I found a different sort of atmosphere, a very different sort of man. Three things he taught me were invaluable. One was the pause before speaking the line that makes the point. For instance, in my present play, Miss Burby says to me: 'Didn't you ever lie to your first husband?' I waited a full minute for the audience to get the embarrassing import of that question to me. Then I answer hesitatingly, 'N-n-o.' In that scene every line gets a laugh, and I ascribe it in part to our pauses to prepare the audience for the next point. I owe to Mr. Daly the lesson of the value of a pause. I owe him the other, of deliberation. It was natural for me to talk fast. He used to sit out in front, and ask quietly when I had finished a long speech, 'What was that?' I would repeat it. 'Ah, I don't remember any such speech in the play.' It was embarrassing, but he got the slow speech he wanted, and peace was restored.

"It was he who taught me not to finish every sentence with the falling inflection, a fault that is one of the most common on the stage. I never stop rehearsing until I have broken every member of my company of it.

"My friends used to say to me 'Why do you stay at Daly's? You have no chance there.' And I always said, 'I am staying because I am getting what I need—discipline.' Besides, I had another reason. My husband, all of those four years that I was at Daly's, was dying of consumption, and I had two children, one in long clothes, and one just learning to walk."

Enter Sarah with a telephone message. "Tell them I will call this afternoon. Tell them to be in. And get out my checked skirt and green jacket and the white silk shirt-waist and green turban."

Sarah went out with the noiselessness of the good servant. A word of semi-excuse revealed that the women Miss Irwin wished to stay in that afternoon were persons who were in the class of others, those outside the circle of the thirty-three, but those whom she gave aid without, as she expressed it, "counting."

"Sarah," Miss Irwin called suddenly, "where's Bobbie?"

"Downstairs."

"Send him up."

Bobbie shyly appeared, an ebony boy, with a rare dental exhibit. He said he had just been to the corner to mail Miss Irwin's letters. He thought he was a good boy. He tried to be.

"He's got to be," said Miss Irwin, vigorously, "with all of us to bring him up."

Bobbie beamed worshipfully upon her. He confided the information that he meant to be a cook, a good one, and he was permitted to trot downstairs.

"He has a well-shaped head." Miss Irwin's manner evinced proprietary pride.

We talked of business. Miss Irwin cited her three rules of success as measured by the monetary standard. She had followed them rigidly. They are:

"Work hard.

"Look after things yourself.

"Be saving."

"Next week Harry and Walter and I are going to the island to rough it," she said with manifest delight.

It was a remark that required interpretation to those who do not know that Harry and Walter are Miss Irwin's two six-foot sons, who live at home with mother and are the lodestones of her career, and who are ignorant of the fact that one of the show places in The Thousand Islands, those green jewels that flash from the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence River, is the big, round, sloping isle on the summit of which stands a handsome summer home. They are Irwin Island and Irwin castle, and they are owned, need it be said, by May Irwin. On West Forty-fourth street is a four-story brownstone house with a café in the basement. The latter bears the sign, Café Irwin. On the main floor is a French restaurant with a balcony attachment, where one may dine pleasantly and cheaply *à la fresco*. The house is on May Irwin's rental list. These and many other evidences there are that Miss Irwin has "worked hard," has "done everything herself," and has "been saving."

"There is only one room in this house that has not been disturbed," said Miss Irwin. "That is the boys' den upstairs. We flee there from the wrath and dust of housecleaning. You should have seen us last night. One of the boys was playing a guitar, and I sat at the table with a cigarette and a gin fizz that my other boy had gone downstairs and made for me." She sighed contentedly. "I suppose I

know fewer people on the stage than any actress in the country. It is because I am busy with my home and my boys. Society I never cared for, and had no time for it. I have enough in my life without it."

There shone in the keen gray eyes a light seldom seen in the human eyes, that of happiness complete.

"One of my sons is in a broker's office. The other is in the insurance business. Yes, Harry received an appointment to Annapolis but he failed in mathematics. It was not his fault. He had gone to the St. Xavier college and distinguished himself in the languages, but the boys were given little mathematics, and the child failed because he wasn't up on geometry—something about

an isosceles triangle. When he failed to pass in the preparatory school at Annapolis I called on the fathers at St. Xavier's and begged them for the sake of other boys who might be disappointed as mine was to go in stronger for mathematics. When I think of what a fool I was over that appointment! I worked three years to get it. I saw everybody who had the slightest information or bearing upon that appointment. I went to dinners I hated because at some of them I would meet somebody who could tell me something. One night at dinner a man said, 'Do you know Richard Croker?'

"No," I said.

"Then," said he, 'it is hopeless, for he is the man.'

"I went home and thought 'Croker, Croker.' The man was never out of my mind, waking or sleeping. I constantly asked myself and every man I met, 'Whom do I know who knows Croker?' No one. No one. One morning when the question was pounding maddeningly in my brain, I read that there was to be a big dinner at the Dem-

ocratic Club at half-past six that night. I figured that if the dinner was at half-past six Mr. Croker would probably be there about six. At six I went to the telephone. My teeth clicked. I shivered. I was having a nervous chill. But I rang up the Dem-



Hall "JESS" DANDY
In "The Prince of Pilsen"



NELLA WEBB

Recently seen in "When We Are Forty-one" at the New York Roof Garden



Photo by Marceau

ARNOLD DALY, WHO IS NOW PRESENTING THE SHAW PLAYS AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

ocratic Club, and could not control myself till someone answered:

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Croker," I said.

"Who are you?"

"I confessed.

"What do you want to see him about?"

"I want to speak to him about a personal matter."

"Soon my tormentor came back and said, 'Mr. Croker wants you to send your message.'

"I insisted upon speaking to the chief myself for just thirty seconds. Soon I heard a new voice.

"Is this Mr. Croker?" I asked in a small voice.

"Yes."

"This is Miss Irwin."

"Yes, what is it?"

"I—I—have a letter to you and want to know when I may present it."

"Send it over to the club."

"But it's a very particular letter," I pleaded.

"All right," he said. "I'll be here at half-past nine to-morrow morning."

"I let the receiver fall and stumbled upstairs, trembling and cold as ice. I had fibbed. I had no letter. Where should I get it? Sometime during that wretched evening light came. I had read somewhere that Judge Leventritt was a personal friend of Richard Croker's. Whom did I know who knew Judge Leventritt? One man I thought knew him. I telephoned. He knew Judge Leventritt. Certainly. He would send the letter at once.

I dressed as well as I could for a woman who was chattering in a nervous chill, and drove to Judge Leventritt's home. He was not in, but a voice like an angel's called over the banister:

"Isn't that May Irwin's voice? I was sure of it. I am

Mrs. Leventritt. I am too ill to come down, but wont you wait in the library. The Judge is sure to be home soon?"

"Soon the door opened and the Judge came in. The butler told him a lady was waiting. He came back at once.

"May Irwin," he said, taking my hand in a big, strong grasp. I'm afraid I was foolish then. When I could I told him about my three years' chase for that appointment for my son, about my fib, and the necessity that I have a letter to Richard Croker. There was no letter, but he did better. He went to the club next morning himself and introduced me to Mr. Croker, saying: 'Miss Irwin has done a lot for my family and for all of us, Dick.' Do all you can for her.' And Mr. Croker promised.

"I didn't know you had sons. I've got boys of my own," said Mr. Croker. "I will do what I can. Are you sure there is an appointment?"

"How sure I was!"

"After awhile we found that the man who could give that appointment was a personal enemy of the chief's, the one man from whom he could not ask a favor. It looked as though the work must all be done over. But in a few days Mr. Croker called me up and told me just how to go about it, whom to see, what to do. So after all he got the appointment for me."

There was no word of her own bitter disappointment from this mother who wanted her son to become a naval officer. May Irwin wastes no time nor sentiment on post-mortems.

The interviewer hinted that some day the little home circle might be broken by marriage. Would Miss Irwin qualify as royally as mother-in-law as she had as mother?

The stray shot went cruelly home. The sunny face fell.

"I would try. Anyway, that is a long way off. The boys are happy at home. They don't seem to care for girls."

From behind the clouds there broke forth again the cheery Irwin smile.

ADA PATTERSON.



DOROTHY REVELL

Leading member of Mr. Daly's company



MARY HAMPTON

Leading member of Mr. Daly's company

Two Notable New French Plays

TWO new plays by distinguished authors have recently attracted much attention in Europe. They are "The Duel," an emotional comedy by Henri Lavedan, produced at the Comédie Française, and "Scarron," a tragi-comedy by Catulle Mendès, which was first seen at the Paris Gaiété. M. Lavedan, member of the French Academy, is already well known as the author of "Le Prince d'Aurec" and other brilliant comedies; Catulle Mendès is even better known in America by his poems, novels and plays.



Henri Lavedan

The first-named piece will be produced in America by Charles Frohman, and deals with the love of two brothers for the same woman. Dr. Morey and the Abbé Daniel are as unlike as it is possible for two brothers to be. Their paths in life diverged in early manhood. The one, deeply engrossed in science, took up the study of medicine, and, belonging to the materialistic school, argued that we should seize happiness where we can and make the most of it, insisting that human love is the only tangible thing man possesses. His brother, the Abbé, has an entirely different outlook on life. For him the spiritual life is everything, and thus having but few interests in common the brothers have drifted apart. Dr. Morey, meantime, has become famous as a nerve specialist, and among his patients is the Duc de Chailles, a morpho-maniac, who is brought, a mental and physical wreck, to the physician's private sanitarium. The Duchess has long ceased to love her husband, but in the hope of a cure has placed him in Dr. Morey's sanitarium, where she comes to visit the patient daily. She is a charming, beautiful woman; Morey is a brilliant and distinguished man. The inevitable happens, and the physician and his patient's wife fall in love. The Duchess does not love her husband, but she is a woman of high principles and struggles hard against the physician's advances.

Another patient at Dr. Morey's asylum is a missionary bishop, and among those who come to see him is the Abbé Daniel. Brought in contact by accident, the brothers resume their old-time discussions over Science and Faith. Not knowing that the Abbé is Dr. Morey's brother, the Duchess in her distress goes to him for spiritual advice. Some time before she had confessed to a priest that she did not love her husband, and she now discovers that the priest and the Abbé Daniel are the same. The physician has urged her to keep an appointment with him, and it is because she fears her own weakness that she goes once more to the study of the priest. While she is closeted with the man of God, the physician arrives. Having failed to keep his appointment, something told him that he would find her with his brother, whom he has already begun to regard as a rival, priest though he be. A sudden summons for

the Abbé leaves the physician and the Duchess together, and profiting by the priest's absence Dr. Morey urges his claim of human love against what he declares to be superstition. The Duchess is about to yield, when the Abbé returns. His entrance breaks the spell, and saved, temporarily at least, the Duchess leaves the room. In a rage, the physician turns on the brother who thus stands in his way, and losing his temper completely, Dr. Morey insinuates that there is more of the man's love for the woman than a disinterested regard for her spiritual welfare in the Abbé's attitude toward the Duchess.

The chance thrust had gone home, and when, later, the Abbé ponders over his brother's words he acknowledges to himself that there was ground for the accusation. In his distress he goes to the old Bishop. Before he arrives, however, the Bishop had received two other visitors—one a messenger who informs him that the Duke is dying; the other the Duchess herself, who seeks that spiritual consolation she failed in getting from the Abbé. The latter, in a state of terrible mental excitement, accuses himself of having sinned at heart and dishonored his cloth. He must, he says, renounce the priesthood. But the Bishop takes a more sensible view of the situation. He persuades the Abbé to go to the Duchess, apprise her of the Duke's approaching end, and advise her to marry his brother. The Abbé consents, and, doing violence to his own feelings, points out to the Duchess that the spiritual life is not the only one to ensure happiness. Hardly has the Duchess promised to follow this advice when news comes that the Duke is dead. The lovers are thus united, and the Abbé,

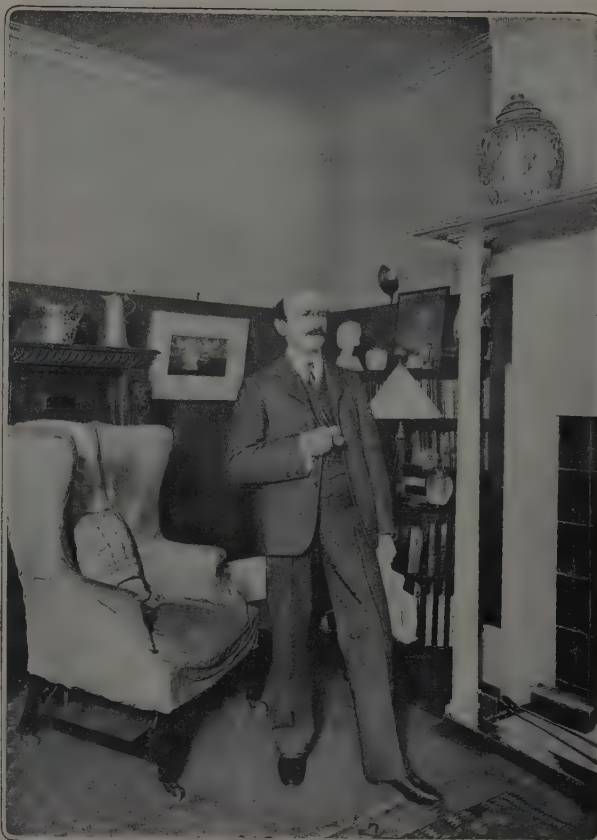


Catulle Mendès

after blessing the couple, departs to be a missionary in China.

"Scarron," the other piece, is described by a Parisian critic as a play that has "just missed greatness." Written in Alexandrine verse, it is compared with "Cyrano de Bergerac," and even placed above that most remarkable comedy. It is generally described as a striking, exuberant, fascinating and splendid work. Acted in France by Coquelin, the title rôle is one just to the taste of Richard Mansfield, fond as he is of moral monsters. There was no need for Mendès to draw upon his imagination, as the life of the celebrated author of "Le Roman Comique" was well filled with picturesque and dramatic incidents. Paul Scarron, French poet, dramatist and novelist, was born in 1610. He studied for the church and was actually ordained, but his excesses were such as to demand his resignation. It is related that during his canonry at Le Mans he tarred and feathered himself as a carnival freak and was obliged to take refuge from popular wrath by plunging into the river, where he contracted the disease

(Continued page iv.)



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ALFRED SUTRO, AUTHOR OF "THE WALLS OF JERICHO"

Alfred Sutro, says *The Tatler*, has achieved the apparently impossible by writing a play that has a problem in it and that has yet succeeded. He is the son of a doctor and was educated at the City of London School and in Brussels. He is best known by his translations of Maeterlinck. He adapted "The Chili Widow" for Mr. Bourchier in 1896, produced a farce called "Arethusa" in 1903, translated Jules Renard's charming playlet, "Carrots," and in 1902 published a volume of eight studies in sentiment called, "Women in Love." Later he wrote the one-act piece, "A Maker of Men," recently seen at the Lyceum Theatre, New York



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MAY A. BELL MARKS, Red Cedar Villa, Ont.

I am proud to say that I own every copy of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE. I like it especially for its frank, unprejudiced criticisms. I simply devour it from cover to cover.

N. REYNOLDS.

Permit me to congratulate you on your admirably written article on Miss Robson in "The Theatre" Magazine. I don't know how it could be improved upon, in the same space and with the same opportunity. In its freedom from objectionable invasion I have seldom seen its equal.

GEO. TYLER.

I am not on your subscription list, but I get THE THEATRE MAGAZINE every month from a newsdealer. I prize my numbers very much, and want to have them bound, for I know they will make a beautiful volume. The cover on the July number of dear old Joe Jefferson certainly deserves credit. I send for the postals and hope I will like them as well as I did everything else I sent for. My friend would like a copy of "The Players' Gallery."

ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ, St. Paul, Minn.

Your admirable magazine is read and appreciated by many people not connected with the theatre in any way. Your broadness in treating the different theatrical topics, the players, productions, etc., is to be commended in the highest terms. A very striking example of this is your recent treatment of Miss Nance O'Neil. I do not know the lady, but I have seen her act, and I know that yours was the *only* magazine which gave her the unprejudiced and serious criticism which she deserved.

M. L. FULCHER, St. Louis, Mo.

Magazines that Are in Demand

[FROM THE NEWARK NEWS.]

The casual reader visits the reading room of the Newark Library to browse among the best of the popular magazines, or to ask the aid of an assistant in looking up some special article in which he is interested. Constant visitors, as opposed to the casual, are men interested in periodicals devoted to their special professions or trades. These visitors know to the day when their magazines are to be expected at the library, and ask for them regularly each week. Among the magazines most read are *The American Machinist*, *Engineering News*, *The Iron Age*, *Shoe and Leather Reporter*, *The Dry Goods Economist*, *Scientific American*, *The Street Railway Journal*, *The Army and Navy Journal*, *The Official Gazette of the U. S. Patent Office*, *The Dramatic Mirror*, and *THE THEATRE MAGAZINE*.

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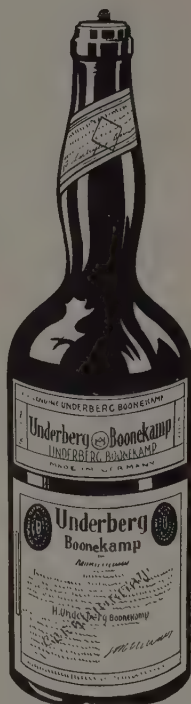
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Two Notable New French Plays

(Continued from page 262.)

which rendered him a cripple for life. His head became twisted and his legs paralyzed. Notwithstanding his dreadful appearance and envenomed by his sufferings, he returned to Paris, and by his talent and wit became a well-known figure in Parisian society. Shortly afterwards he formed a most romantic attachment for a girl of much beauty and no fortune named Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards famous as Madame de Maintenon. Scarron's house was, both before and after his marriage, a great centre of society, despite his narrow means. Unscrupulous scandal-mongers accused the future favorite of light conduct during the eight years of her marriage to this strange husband, but history has since cleared her memory of this stain. Scarron, who had long been able to endure life only by the aid of constant doses of opium, was at length worn out and died in 1660. Such are the facts, all of which Mendes has used in his play. His play opens at Le Mans in carnival time. The market place is crowded with citizens dressed in fantastic costume, dancing, laughing and shouting. A carriage stops and a lady descends, leading a little girl with a doll. They pause to watch the merry-makers, and as they stand there appears a float on which is enthroned Scarron, King of the Revels, and dressed as Momus. He leaps to the ground, incites the crowd to wilder merriment, and at the climax of his folly throws off his clownish garb and reveals himself attired as an ape. Shouting ribald verses to his brother apes dancing around him, the delirium is at its height, when suddenly from out the gibbering, blaspheming crowd rings out the treble voice of a child in strong words of stern reproof. It is little Françoise, the child with the doll, who has uttered the rebuke. Scarron goes toward the child, but she recoils in horror from the blaspheming priest. Aroused to a sense of the indecency of it all, the crowd seizes Scarron and casts him into the river, from which he escapes with his life, but with the germs of the disease which make him a cripple to the end of his days. Ten years pass. Scarron has become the talk of Paris. His scurrilous verse is on a par with his deformity. His tongue is vitriolic, each phrase producing a wound at which every one laughs except the unfortunate victim. Then a miracle takes place. The little girl with the doll has grown to womanhood and meets Scarron. She no longer shrinks from his touch, for in her presence his bitter tongue loses its poison and becomes sweet as honey. She loves him and marries him.

Among the fashionables that come to their house is a M. de Villarcoux, a libertine, who marks out Françoise as his prey. Flattered, fascinated, but still true to her husband, to whom she is but a sister wife, she does not exactly repulse the seducer. She even goes so far as to receive his letters and she gives him a signal when she goes to her virginal chamber in her husband's house. As for Scarron, the association with her gentle nature has changed the whole tenor of his life. He no longer crucifies his friends, no longer writes vicious verse about his enemies. His publishers upbraid him for this change which threatens to destroy his popularity. But Scarron only laughs, and he laughs, too, when it is insinuated that all Paris is talking of the intrigue between his wife and Villarcoux. But he has to satisfy himself that the story is a lie, and at his bidding his servant goes to her room, only to find it empty. Mme. Scarron has disappeared. In the frenzy of his passion, by the exercise of one supreme will effort, the cripple compels his trembling limbs to bear his body to the house where he knows he will find his wife with the man who would bring dishonor upon her. Was she really guilty? History says no.

At the very moment, however, when she admits her love for Villarcoux, Scarron breaks in upon them, sword in hand. He challenges the man whom he believes has already betrayed his wife. Villarcoux laughs at the idea that he should fight a cripple. Driven to frenzy at the implied taunt, and the violence of his emotion overmastering him, Scarron falls back, this time a hopeless paralytic. Only his eyes can now speak, and hate surges up in his heart against this man and woman who have betrayed him. The only thing left is death, yet in the illness which follows it is his wife, Françoise, who tenderly nurses him, while he repays her every kindness with bitter reproaches. She bears it all, and even writes down at his dictation a ribald song. But at the moment of death, his better nature reasserts itself. Scarron turns to Françoise and takes an affectionate farewell of her, his own tears mingling with hers.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, KINDLY MENTION "THE THEATRE MAGAZINE"

Queries Answered

The Editor will answer all reasonable questions in this column, but irrelevant queries, such as the color of this or that player's hair or eyes, or matters connected with their purely personal affairs will be ignored. No replies by mail. Write questions on one side of the paper only.

Mrs. J. B.—Q.—How long would it take to learn and graduate in the art of graceful dancing and what is the cost? A.—Write to Marie Bonfanti, 1568 Broadway, this city.

A. L. M., N. Y.—Q.—Where did Edwin Arden spend this summer? A.—He went on a six weeks' fishing excursion in June and July, and spent the balance of the summer in the Adirondack Mountains. Q.—In what will he play next? A.—He has been engaged for "Home Folks." Q.—In what will Frank Mills play this winter? A.—He is not yet engaged.

Beatrice.—Q.—Are Malcolm Williams' brothers and sisters on the stage? A.—No. Q.—Where is Mr. Williams now? A.—In Worcester, Mass., managing a stock company. Q.—Where is Isabelle Evesson at present? A.—In Los Angeles, Cal., for the summer. Q.—Have you interviewed Mr. Williams or Mr. Woodruff? A.—Not yet. Q.—Where was Wallace Erskine before joining the Proctor forces? A.—We do not know. Q.—Is that his right name? A.—Yes. Q.—When did Mr. Woodruff make his debut? A.—At the age of nine in "Pinafore," at the 14th St. Theatre, this city. Q.—Where can I obtain Edwin Arden's photograph with his signature? A.—Write to him. See answer to "A. L. M."

J. E. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.—Q.—Has Isabel Irving any children? A.—No. Q.—Where was she born? A.—Bridgeport, Ct. Q.—Where was Julia Marlowe born? A.—Caldeck Village, Cumberland Co., Adams. Q.—Which is considered the best Juliet—Maude Englands or Julia Marlowe? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Q.—Will you publish Julia Marlowe's picture as Ophelia? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Will you interview her? A.—See our December, 1903, issue. Q.—Which was her greatest success, "Barbara Frietchie" or "When Knighthood Was in Flower?" A.—"Barbara Frietchie" was no doubt one of her greatest successes. Q.—Is the play "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" printed? A.—No. Q.—What is the name of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett? A.—Elsie.

A Reader, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—In what is Clara Morris playing? A.—She is not acting at present. Q.—Is Sallie Fisher with Frank Daniels? A.—Yes. Q.—In what are Rose Coghlan, Mary Shaw, Elita Proctor Otis and Bijou Fernandez playing? A.—Rose Coghlan is with the "Duke of Killicrankie" Co. Elita Proctor Otis is in vaudeville for the season. Bijou Fernandez is now with Thomas Ross' Company.

"Raffles."—Q.—Will you publish a picture of Victor Morley in "The Earl and the Girl"? A.—Perhaps. Q.—In what other play has he appeared? A.—"The Prince of Pilsen."

R. L. W., Montreal.—Q.—Can you place me in communication with a few musical agents? A.—Arthur Tams, 109 West 28th St.; Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43d St.; F. C. Whitney, 1402 Broadway, all of this city.

J. V. A., Waltham.—Q.—Is it true that Clara Morris played in vaudeville as late as the first of June. She is at her home on the Hudson at present. She appeared in vaudeville once before, May, 1897, in Philadelphia. Q.—Will a letter sent to Los Angeles, Cal., reach Mme. Modjeska? A.—Her country address is "The Forest of Arden," near Los Angeles, Cal.

M. S. S., Boston, Mass.—Q.—Will Maude Adams play "The Little Minister" next year? A.—No. She has a new play called "Peter Pan." Q.—What is Robert Edeson's wife's name? A.—Helen Burg. Q.—Is she on the stage? A.—She is not acting at present. Q.—Is Mr. Edeson a graduate of Columbia? A.—No.

M. E. H., Brooklyn.—Q.—Will you publish an article about Mrs. Spooner's success as a manager? A.—See our issue for February, 1903. Q.—Who is to be the lunatic lady in "The Wizard of Oz" next season? A.—We are not advised. Q.—Was Cecil Spooner's starring venture a success? A.—It was not a financial success.

A San Diego Enthusiast.—Q.—Where could I procure a good photograph of Margaret Anglin? A.—Write Meyer Bros. & Co., 26 West 33d St., City.

Polly Perkins, Brooklyn.—Q.—When did Guy Bates Post come to the front and in what plays was he previous to "The Virginian"? A.—He was formerly with the Mrs. Brown Potter-Bellew combination, Daly's Theatre, this city; Otis Skinner, Marie Wainwright, Henderson Stock Co. in Chicago, "Major Andre," "The Virginian." Q.—Are most of the cast in "The Heir to the Hoorah" from road companies? A.—With the exception of five or six of the people, all were strangers to New York audiences. Q.—Where is Sarah Truax now? A.—Traveling with her husband (Guy Bates Post). She will shortly star in a new play. Q.—Who will Robert Drouet support next season? A.—He is now and for this winter in the stock company at Gilmore Theatre, Springfield, Mass.

Juanita.—Q.—Where did Mrs. Fiske spend the summer? A.—In California with relatives. Q.—What new plays will Mrs. Fiske produce next season? A.—She commences her tour in October with "Leah Kleschna," later coming to the Manhattan Theatre, this city, with a new play by Rupert Hughes, entitled "What W'l' People Say." A little later on she will produce a new one-act play by John Luther Long, also a revival of "Tess." Q.—At what age did Mrs. Fiske begin acting? A.—At three years of age she played the Duke of York in "Richard III." Q.—Has Mrs. Fiske any children? A.—No. Q.—Will Sarah Bernhardt come here early in the winter? A.—She comes to America in November under the management of the Shuberts. Q.—What plays will she produce? A.—"Angelo," "La Tosca," "The Sorceress," "Camille" and her own version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." Q.—Will Coquelin come here with Sarah Bernhardt? A.—No. Q.—Is any other French company coming here next winter? A.—None that we know of.

Marian.—Q.—Where was Sidney Ainsworth born? A.—Somewhere, we believe, in the West. Q.—Where and when was William Faversham born? A.—In London, Eng., Feb. 12, 1868. Q.—Has he any children? A.—No. Q.—Will Robert Edeson play "Strongheart" again next season in Boston? A.—Yes. Q.—Where is Melville Stewart now playing? A.—He is with Lulu Glaser's Co. Q.—Have you published pictures of Faversham in "Lettie"? A.—See our October, 1904, issue. Q.—Where can I get all the theatrical papers? A.—At all news stands.

L. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Q.—Who is James K. Hackett's new play? A.—"The Walls of Jericho." Q.—Have you a photograph of Christie McDonald, Rebecca Warren and Julia M. Morron? A.—We have of Christie McDonald and Rebecca Warren.

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E. S. A.—Q.—Is Louisa Drew John Drew's daughter? A.—Yes. Q.—What is the best way to forward money order payable and communication addressed to Meyer Bros. & Co., or stamps. Q.—Was Margaret Anglin educated at a French convent in Montreal called "Sault au Recollet"? A.—Yes. Q.—Is Marie Boland to be Robert Edson's leading woman another season? A.—Yes. Q.—Has Robert Edson any children? A.—No. Q.—Has Helen Burg been on the stage since she played "Soldiers of Fortune" with her husband? A.—No. Q.—A Constant Reader. Q.—Can I get a photo of Isabelle Evesson, Grace Scott, Malcolm Williams and Edwin Arden, with their autograph? A.—Write to them. Q.—Have you published pictures of Malcolm Williams and Florence Reed? A.—We published a picture of Miss Reed in our July, 1903, issue. Q.—Will you interview Isabella Evesson and Grace Scott? A.—We cannot say.

Lillian S., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—Where will letters reach Olga Nethersole and Carlotta Nilsson? A.—Care C. B. Dillingham, Knickerbocker Theatre Building, this city. Q.—Where were Viola Allen and Marie Tempest born? A.—Huntsville, Ala., in 1883, and London, England, in 1867, respectively.

L. S. K., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Q.—Where was Thomas Ross born? A.—Canada, and was reared in Boston. Q.—When will he be in Pittsburgh again? A.—During the coming season. Q.—Is Viola Allen her real name? A.—Yes.

E. L.—Q.—Is Edwin Arden considered a clever actor? A.—Yes. Q.—Will you interview him? A.—See Sept. issue.

R. L. G.—Q.—How can a beginner secure an engagement with a good western stock company? A.—Make a personal application to the manager of the stock company.

Mabel L. K., South Bend, Ind.—Q.—In what Shakespearean pieces has Julia Marlowe appeared? A.—"Romeo and Juliet," "Henry VIII," "Rosaland in 'As You Like It,'" "Twelfth Night," "The Merchant of Venice." Q.—When did she open in the following plays? "Countess Valeska" (A.—season 1898-99), "Ingomar" (A.—Aug. 25, 1887), "The Rivals" (A.—May 7, 1896), "Colinette" (A.—April 3, 1899), "Barbara Frietche" (A.—Oct. 23, 1900), "When Knighthood was in Flower" (A.—Jan. 14, 1901). Q.—What are Richard Mansfield's Shakespearean successes? A.—"Richard III," "Henry V," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Q.—What nationality is William Gillette? A.—He was born in Hartford, Conn. Q.—When did he make his debut? A.—He made his professional debut at the age of twenty at New Orleans in "Across the Continent."

"Max," Chicago, Ill.—Q.—How can I gain admission to one of Savage's companies in the chorus? A.—Make application to Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43rd St., New York City.

A Reader, New York.—Q.—Will you have Miss Mannerling in the series, "Their Beginnings"? A.—Perhaps.

S. C. J., Paris, Texas.—Q.—Is there a good dramatic school in St. Louis? A.—We have never seen such a school advertised.

L. S. B., B. O., Canada.—Q.—Is it true that the actors of New York are on a strike, and that theatres will employ nothing but union actors? A.—There is no such organization as "Actors' Union." Q.—Does the management of a stock company supply the costumes for a subordinate, when just beginning? A.—They do not supply costumes to beginners. Q.—What are the wages of that part? A.—The weekly salary does not exceed twenty dollars.

A. H. W. and Others.—The address of O. S., who offered to exchange programs, is as follows: Otto Schafer, 1434 Hutchinson Street, Philadelphia.

M. H. T., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—To whom should I apply for a position with an opera company? A.—B. Dillingham, 1402 Broadway; Fisher & Ryley, 1432 Broadway; M. Grau, New York Theatre Bldg.; Henry W. Savage, 144 West 43rd St., and F. C. Whitney, 1402 Broadway, all of this city.

M. A. M., New York.—Q.—Where is Henry Woodruff playing at present? A.—He is not playing anywhere at present. Q.—Will he play in New York city next fall and winter? A.—Probably. Q.—Where is Isabelle Evesson playing at present? A.—See answer to H. A. Q.—Where can I secure a copy of "Caste"? A.—Write to Crescent Trading Co., 144 W. 37th St., N. Y.

P. A. M., Sound Beach, Conn.—Q.—Could I obtain a program of the Wallace Theatre production of "A Gentleman of France" from Lieber & Co? A.—We do not think so. Q.—When did you have a criticism and scenes of the play? A.—We had a criticism in the February, 1902, issue and scenes in January, 1902, and 1903. Q.—Where is Ned Howard Fowler, at one time a Proctor leading man? A.—After leaving Proctor's he went to Washington. We cannot locate him at present. Q.—Where is Fanny Beane (Gilday)? A.—She is still alive and resides in this city, but has not been able to pursue her calling.

M. N. O., New York.—Q.—Where was Guy Bates Post born? A.—Kansas City, Mo. Q.—In what play will he appear this winter? A.—"The Heir to the Hoorah." Q.—Will you publish pictures of him? A.—See this issue. See answer to "Polly Perkins, Brooklyn."

Yam K.—Q.—Are William Gillette and Virginia Harned booked for San Francisco this season? A.—Yes, late in the season of 1905-6. Q.—Will you publish a picture of Jane Laurel? A.—Perhaps. Q.—Do Bellevue and Sothern assimilate their roles? A.—They are entirely different in their style of work. Q.—Will Charles Hawtreys, Isabel Irving or Blanche Walsh visit San Francisco in the near future? A.—Probably. Q.—Was Florence Friend or Friend, Mary Mannerling's own maiden name? A.—Florence Friend.

H. W.—Q.—Where does Rebecca Warren spend her summers? A.—She makes her home at Cleveland, O., although she was in this city late in July. Q.—Where does Christie McDonald live or spend her summers? A.—The lady is the wife of one of the sons of Joseph Jefferson and spends her summers at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

Marocco, South Bend, Ind.—Q.—When did Mrs. Carter make her debut? A.—She first appeared on any stage November 10, 1890, at the Broadway Theatre, New York, in "The Ugly Duckling." Q.—Where was she born? A.—Cleveland, O. Q.—In what piece did Maude Adams make her debut? A.—She made her debut as a star in "The Little Minister" Sept. 13, 1897, in Washington, D. C. She made her debut on the stage at the Salt Lake Theatre, when only nine months old in "The Lost Child." Q.—What were some of her successes? A.—"A Celebrated Case," "A Midnight Bell," "Men and Women," "The Lost Paradise," "L'Aiglon," "The Little Minister." Q.—Where could I address the following: Clara Morris, Walker Whitesides, Amelia Bingham, Marie Wainwright, Creston Clark and Lizzie Hudson Collier? A.—Send letters care of The New York Mirror, 121 West 43rd St., this city.

H. A.—Q.—Where will letter reach Isabelle Evesson? A.—Los Angeles Stock Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Q.—What salary does the leading man at Proctor's Fifth Ave. receive? A.—The amount of salary paid depends entirely upon the reputation of the actor. Some get \$200, while others obtain \$400 weekly.

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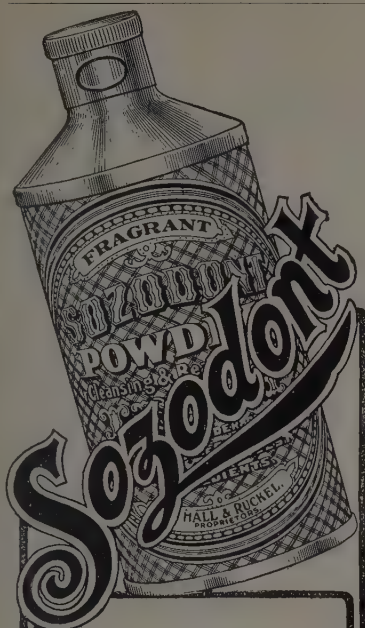
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The Current Plays

(Continued from page 245.)

MANHATTAN. "MARY AND JOHN." Comedy in 3 acts by Edith Ellis Baker. Produced Sept. 11, with this cast:

John Erwin, John Mason; Frank Warner, John Emerson; Mr. Trowbridge, William B. Mack; Mr. Fairfield Stevens, Edward Ellis; Phelan, Joseph Hannaway; Mary Erwin, Sadie Martinot; Barbara Drew, Amy Ricard; Teresa Murphy, Annie Yeaman; June Jergensen, Vivien Holt; Miss Jones, Ida A. Thomas.

Edith Ellis Baker's comedy proved even homelier than its title and scored the second decided failure of the season's opening. It is, indeed, difficult to understand on what the author and manager based their hopes of success except on the theory that one is ever blind to the faults of one's own offspring. A wife, who was an artist before her marriage, is too proud to ask her husband for money every time she wants to buy a new shirtwaist, but her sensitiveness does not extend to her comic maid-of-all work, whose savings she borrows without compunction. A quarrel about nothing at all leads to a declaration of independence, and the act ends by the wife going away to take up her old studio life. In Act II we see the wife and the comic servant—who has again been "touched" by her sensitive mistress for expenses—living in a dreary sixth floor attic. A thunderstorm is coming on and the wife is frightened and hungry. Previously, during her absence, the husband has come in and handed the servant money to buy his wife all she needs. From that point on, the play was lost. The action was destroyed and the outcome too obvious. Wife relents, hubby forgives, and all is as before. The piece was entirely unworthy of the Manhattan and the capable players engaged in its interpretation.

Gallons of ink have flowed in denunciation of that imbecile form of entertainment miscalled "musical comedy," but to little purpose. Appallingly childish as most of these pieces are, they succeed in drawing a numerous public. No matter how stupid they be, mature men and women, apparently intelligent, can sit through and even enjoy these absurd shows of which even an African savage might well be ashamed. Some of these productions have at least the excuse that they make a strong appeal to the frankly sensual, with their glittering cohorts of shapely girls, their blatant music, their variegated lights and colors. But when even these fascinating externals are lacking, what mysterious spell remains to hold their patrons? The foregoing remarks are not directed particularly at any musical comedy now on exhibition in this town, but to the entire breed of pieces of this class which are vulgar, trashy and outrage common sense, besides working incalculable harm to the stage by vitiating and degrading public taste. The cry "the public wants them" is nonsense. The public does not know what it wants. Appeal to its low instincts and you will please it; appeal to its better instincts and you will please it also. The responsibility for the degeneration of the stage lies entirely with the managers. In the case of the Rogers Brothers, the indisputable comic talents of the principals atone for the poverty of the rest. These low comedians are veritable artists in humor, and to some extent they reconcile one to the utter inanity of J. J. McNally's annual concoctions which change their title each year, but remain practically the same preposterous nonsense. Another piece, more in the extravagant class, which must be placed in the same category of comic plays which are not comic, is "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," book by Paul West and W. W. Denslow, music by John W. Bratton, which has been on view for some time at the Broadway. The story of the pumpkin famine and the adventures of the boy who raised the only crop, is complicated and dull, and only the cleverness of the performers and the elaborate setting given the piece saved it from disaster. Very different is the "Duke of Duluth," book by George H. Broadhurst, music by Max S. Witte, now occupying the boards of the Majestic. The music is more than reminiscent, but the lyrics are bright and the book entertaining. There is more than the usual supply of good topical songs, and each member of the company, from the star, Nat. M. Wills, down, contributes to keep the audience in good humor. This piece is at least worth while. If we must have nonsense on the stage let it be of good quality. Dull musical comedy is an abomination.

If the variety stage by its tempting offers is to rob the legitimate of so many of its shining lights, it is not surprising that the Broadway houses should, to offset the defection, draw on vaudeville for a new assortment of stars. Thus it is that the spirit of reciprocity promotes McIntyre and Heath from "headliners" into stellar quantities. At the New York Theatre they are appearing in

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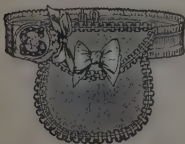
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"The Ham Tree," which Geo. V. Hobart, its author, is pleased to call a musical vaudeville. There is the semblance of a plot in the endeavor of a socially ambitious mother to marry her daughter to a British lord. The daughter prefers the manly attractions of the manager of a minstrel show, in whose aggregation of colored talent Messrs. McIntyre and Heath prominently figure. All that they have uninterruptedly done for the past quarter of a century on the variety stage is, of course, introduced with a chorus background which, for nervous activity and gingerish dash, has not been surpassed on the local boards for some time. They dance at the drop of the hat and render with gusto and enthusiasm the very tuneful numbers which Jerome and Schwartz have contributed to the score. In their line McIntyre and Heath are artists, and their several scenes are rendered with admirable detail of finish. That they are uproariously funny goes without saying. W. C. Fields, a comic juggler of remarkable deftness, is a valuable comic factor, and Belle Gold dances with much energy. Jobyna Howland and David Torrence, as the Mother and the Lord, act with a distinction and refinement that is quite startling in a piece of this description. For a hearty and continuous laugh "The Ham Tree" fills the bill.

Bernard Shaw's New Play

George Bernard Shaw has this to say about his new play, "Major Barbara," in which Annie Russell will be seen in America as the Salvation Army heroine:

"It is simply an ethical discussion in three long acts. It would be a public charity to warn all romantic playgoers to keep away from it, as I have thrown them over completely. The acting will be very fine, of course; there will be nothing like it in London. Even without counting the four great parts—Annie Russell, Rosina Filippi, Louis Calvert and Granville Barker—there will be lots of excellent acting. But the play is a terror. It is like the last scene of 'John Bull's Other Island,' spun out for three hours and a half. It will try the faithful extremely.

"The latest news received by cable," adds Mr. Shaw, "is that 'Man and Superman,' with Robert Loraine and Fay Davis in the principal parts, has been a colossal success in New York. I shall know how much to believe of this when I see the returns."

Aimée Angeles, whose clever dancing is one of the features of "The Rollicking Girl," in which Charles Frohman is presenting Sam Bernard at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, possesses much of her ability through inheritance. She is a daughter of the one time celebrated entertainer and clown, Alexander Foretta, a niece of Veronni, a cousin of Herbert, of Caron and Herbert, and also a relative of John T. Kelly.

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The Theatre Everywhere

(From Our Correspondents.)

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 10.—With the opening of the fall season the "Empire" once more becomes Albany's leading theatre. Mr. Reis, the lessee, has installed as manager, Frank Williams, late of Erie, Pa. The opening bill was Eva Tanguay in "The Sambo Girl." The star gave satisfaction to a large audience. Next came Henrietta Crozman in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," which drew a large house. Her play appears to be a rather frank transcription of Sardou's "Scrap of Paper."

Ardmore, I. T., Sept. 2.—The season opened here August 30th with "Uncle Josh Perkins." Ardmore is a town of about fifteen thousand and has a large number of regular theatre-goers. There being but one theatre and no public park, the theatre is generally well patronized. Under the efficient management of Mr. Joe F. Robison, nothing but clean, first-class week-stand shows are contracted for, which take the place of the usual park amusements and are well attended.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 1.—"The Convict's Daughter" and "The Lighthouse by the Sea" have packed Holliday Street Theatre at every performance, and "Bob" Fitzsimmons, in "A Fight for Love," has delighted the audiences at Blaney's. The Casino Theatre, Electric Park, has had the best in the vaudeville line. The Great Lafayette begins an engagement tonight. The gorgeous display of fireworks given nightly during the mimic Naval Battle at Riverview Park continues to be a drawing card, and adds greatly to the popularity of this delightful resort.

Buñalo, N. Y., Sept. 12.—The theatrical season opened with McIntyre & Heath in "The Ham Tree." We have also seen the Rogers Brothers.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sept. 15.—Greene's Opera House was opened for the season last night with George Ade's "County Chairman," with Theodore Babcock and George Thatcher in the principal roles. Play-goers here have waited two years to see this comedy, and the audience was very appreciative of the play and the players. Alterations in the opera house have been completed, the house being entirely redecorated, new seats for the first floor, and the entrance entirely remodelled, giving a commodious and handsomely finished lobby. This house is now one of the handsomest west of Chicago, and with the bookings made by Manager Will S. Collier should have the most prosperous season of its history.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 8.—For summer amusements, Chattanooga has to depend principally upon her big amusement resort, Olympia Park. We have seen there the Berger Prince Opera Co. which presented "La Mascotte," "Fra Diavolo," "Said Pasha," "Chimes of Normandy," "Girofle-Girofla," "Olivette," and "Pinafore." The pyrotechnical display "The Fall of Port Arthur" furnished variety. Chattanooga is the pioneer city of America to celebrate the Russo-Japanese peace treaty. Olympia Park will be given over on Tuesday, September 12, to a peace jubilee with a widely varied program, and with the Governor of the state and many other prominent persons present. The theatrical season opened on August 28th with the Jewell-Kelly Company in an assortment of melodramas and farces. A. F. HARLOW.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 13.—The theatrical season is now in full blast, seven houses being open in Cincinnati. The Grand opened its doors on Labor Day with Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." The excellent company made a good impression, and played to capacity houses nearly all week. If the shows to be presented at the Grand this season keep up to the standard set by Miss Walsh and her company, Cincinnati will be well satisfied.

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 15.—All of Cleveland's nine theatres are now going full blast, and the S. R. O. sign is the rule. At the Opera House "Piff, Paff, Pouf" was followed by Frank Daniels in "Sargent Brue." Lew Dockstader's Minstrels open this week, followed by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, who are now rehearsing here. Johnny and Emma Ray in "Down the Pike" amused the audiences at the Lyceum. Keith's Vaudeville Theatre opened week of September 2d, with all seats sold in advance.

Clinton, Iowa, Sept. 12.—The latter part of August, Manager C. E. Dixon returned home. The formal opening of the season at the Clinton Theatre will be on Monday and Tuesday evenings, September 18 and 19, when Alice Fischer and company will present "The School for Husbands." Walker Whiteside will appear in "Garrick's Love" on Wednesday evening, Sept. 20. W. B. Patton, in his new comedy, "The Last Rose of Summer," filled an engagement on Saturday, September 9.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 10.—The theatre season of 1905-1906 is now in full swing. The Peoples' Theatre is offering first-class melodramas, musical comedies, etc. to its Sunday night crowds, which are usually large. There are many good attractions booked for this house, such as Nat M. Wills, "Isle of Spice," "Stella Mayhew," "Floradora," "The Chaperons," Murray & Mack, the Three Rays, etc. The Grand Theatre has been renovated and presents a bright, attractive appearance.

Los Angeles, Calif., Sept. 7.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" began a week's engagement at the Mason Opera House. The opening house, filled to the doors, will probably be repeated every night. "If I Were King" was remarkably well produced, and pleased so well that another week's run was necessary. "The Heart of the Geisha," credited with being the best mounted, best acted and more of a success than anything yet attempted by a stock company, has proven a tremendous success. A revival of "Quo Vadis" at the Grand is drawing crowds. Modern vaudeville at the Orpheum is always popular, and attendance is above the average. The Chutes Park and Theatre report good business. Burlesque in the theatre is proving a money getter.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Sept. 11.—The supplementary season at the Odeon opened Sept. 2, with Liberati's Band. The Donna Troy Stock Company followed, giving satisfaction to big houses. Owing to sickness in



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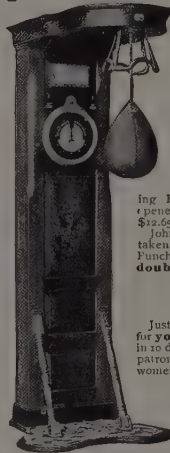
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the company, your correspondent appeared with the company during the engagement here and accompanied them to Creston, where they open Busby Bros.' new house. Ringling Bros.' circus Sept. 6. JOSEPH WHITACRE.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 18.—The season has started well, and all the theatres are open. Eleanor Robson and "Ben Hur" have done good business. Robert Mantell, in Shakespeare repertoire, has not done as well as he should. The Orpheum continues full at every performance. The Bijou will have a line of plays as usual. The bookings announced at the Auditorium (Independent) must have had some influence on the business of the town. JACOB WILK.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 10.—The past month marks an important event in local theatrical history in the opening of The Belasco, formerly The Duquesne, which had its premiere September 11. Beautifully refitted and decorated, this little playhouse formed a fitting frame for the first performance, Margaret Anglin in "Zira," by Henry Miller and Hartley Manners. Miss Anglin sustained her splendid reputation, and her support, including Frank Worthing and James Lee Finney, was exceptionally strong. If one may judge by the intelligence of the first-night audience and the cordial reception given both players and management, the Syndicate competitors will for the royal support of discerning patrons. Mr. George W. Sammis, formerly a prominent member of the Frohman forces, has been selected as local manager. This season's bookings include Warfield, Bernhardt, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Fiske, Miss Bates and Madame Kalisch. With one exception, all the theatres are now open. The Alvin management continues to present light musical pieces. HOWARD JOHNSTON.

Portsmouth, Ohio, Sept. 10.—The Grand Opera House, which was damaged by fire, has been wholly reconstructed and remodeled with new stage, scenery and curtains. It opened for the season of 1905-6, August 21, with the Depew Burdette Repertoire Company week stand; company fair. Many excellent attractions are booked at this house. The season's Manager Harry Gordon, of the Millbrook Stock Company, resigned August 21, and has gone to New York. Al Reiniger, stage manager at the Casino, has resigned, and is in New York. Robinson's Circus did a big business on August 7. H. A. LORBERG.

Quincy, Ill., Sept. 13.—The local theatrical season is now in full blast. The Empire Theatre, belonging to the Chamberlain-Harrington circuit, has had several stars already this season, among whom were W. J. Bryan as first number of the Star Course, Carol Arden in "Polly Primrose," and Blanche Walsh in "The Woman in the Case." The "Rajah of Bhong," played to a fair house, on the 11th, but hardly came up to expectations. The Bijou Theatre, Patrick and McConnell managers, is now in its third week of refined vaudeville. The bills are giving satisfaction, and patronage is increasing at the result. JOSEPH ESLER.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 11.—The prospects for the coming season have started in at the Spokane Theatre in full sway, and between burlesque and drama the theatre-going public will have a chance to see some of the best actors and most important productions of the century. Wilton Lackaye, in "The Pit," played on August 26th and 28th to a delighted audience, which filled every seat in the Spokane Theatre. The first night at good houses for the matinee and evening. One of the most pleasing plays was presented in our city on Sept. 10th and 11th, when "Under Southern Skies" was produced by a very capable company. The Auditorium is also drawing packed houses by the Jessie Shirley Stock Company. J. E. MCWHORTER.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 12.—The season opened here at the Grand on August 26 with "In Old Kentucky," which filled the house at every performance. The Metropolitan opened August 27 with a production of "Ben Hur." The following week, Fair Week, Eleanor Robson presented "Merely Mary Ann." At the Grand during the week of September 3 "Hoity Toity" with a good company held the boards. Sept. 11 "The Forbidden Land" opened at the Metropolitan to good houses. "Her First False Step" opened at the Grand Sept. 11. At the Star Theatre the season opened with May Howard's Burlesquers. The week of Sept. 8 The Star Show Girls appeared to good houses. Sept. 11 "The Jolly Grass Widows" opened with a good company. Nearly \$200,000 has been raised toward the construction of an Auditorium, which, when completed, will be the largest one west of Chicago. H. A. TREAT.

Tacoma, Washington, Sept. 6.—Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit," who appeared at the Tacoma Theatre August 28th, marked the opening of the season of 1905-06. This month at the Star Theatre the Allen Stock Company, supporting Verna Felton, are presenting to crowded houses "Hills of California," Michael Strogoff and "A Worthless Spy." The new Savoy Theatre, one of the Independent houses, opened on August 31st with "The Kentucky Belles," followed by McEwen, hypnotist, and the "Merry-makers." The Grand Theatre, on the Sullivan-Considine circuit, is presenting excellent vaudeville, and is acknowledged the most popular theatre in the city. F. KIRBY HASKELL.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 9.—The Casino and Farm Theatre have closed for the year. The Kelta's Band closed the Casino, and a strong vaudeville bill with Rice and Elmer and Beatrice Byers, a Toledo girl, for "head liners." The Casino season, owing to the run of stock comedy, has been very successful. Burts has been putting on melodrama. "A Dangerous Life" and "Too Proud to Beg" are promised for the rest of the month. The Empire opened with "The Knickerbockers," and the piece made a big hit. "Smiling Island" and "The Masqueraders" are booked for this month.

The Lyceum opened with "The Marriage of Kitty," and was followed by "Buster Brown." Both made big hits. HARRY S. DRAGO.

Toronto, Canada, Sept. 2.—Judging from the reception given Lew Dockstader's Minstrels, which opened the season at the Princess Theatre August 28, the theatrical outlook for Toronto is very promising. Following the Minstrels comes "Humpty Dumpty," which should prove an equally good drawing card. The Grand Opera House opened with Haverly's Minstrels. Toronto managed to hear up under the overload of minstrelsy, concluding herself that it occurs but once a year. Al. Leech in "Girls Will Be Girls" put in a week at the Grand. The company was excellent and the show drew well. "Fantasma," a Hanlon Brothers' creation, is due here next week. AUSTIN A. ARLAND.

Wausau, Wis., Sept. 10.—The theatrical season for 1905-1906 has opened up with brilliant prospects for an unusually good season at the local houses. Among the attractions that have made good during the past six weeks are the following: "Cherry Valley," with an excellent cast, Vogel's Minstrels, Dubinsky Bros., Wallack's Theatre Co. in high-class repertoire, "Two Little Waifs," and "Dora Thorne." E. S. DICKENS.

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SERIES NUMBER THREE COMPRISES

William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes. Robert Edson in Soldiers of Fortune. Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothorn, scene of Romeo and Juliet. J. K. Hackett, plain costume. Edna May in the School Girl. Blanche Bates in Under Two Flags. Maude Adams as Juliet. Hattie Williams in the Girl from Kays. Richard Mansfield at home. Leslie Carter as Du Barry.

SERIES NUMBER FOUR COMPRISES



John Drew as Killicancre. Henry Miller as Frederick Lemaître. Mrs. Gilbert, three-quarter picture. Forbes Robertson as Hamlet. Blanche Walsh, in The Woman in the Case. Maxine Elliot, bust picture. Julia Marlowe as Barbara Fritchie. Maude Adams, bust picture. Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, in The Heart of Rome.



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Saving Jack Tar from Crimps and Land Sharks, is a wonderfully interesting paper, both in text and illustration; contributed by Rudolf Kersting, Supt. of the Battery Station for Seamen.

The Country Boy in New York, by City Magistrate Leroy B. Crane, should be read by every boy and every boy's mother in the United States. It is a scathing rebuke of the evils of modern metropolitan life as well as valuable hints as to possible remedies.

Some Beautiful Women of New York's Smart Set, is a portfolio of full-page portraits of the most exclusive and best known women of New York's 400. It includes pictures of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. Henry Havemeyer and others.

Melodic Medicines, is a popular exposition of the wonderful healing powers of Music, a remedy now recognized and adopted by physicians in the advanced methods of treating certain forms of sickness and insanity. This paper is contributed by Mrs. Eva Vescecius, founder of the Musical Therapeutic Society.

In the Pad Tent, treats of the home-life of the circus performer, and the clown, whose only home is the tent pitched on an empty lot in close proximity to the circus.

New Naval Buildings of Annapolis, Md., by Murray Middleton, is the first descriptive and illustrated story that has yet appeared on the almost completed U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. There is an excellent photograph of the temporary resting place of John Paul Jones.

The Idiosyncrasies of Prompting on the Jewish Stage, is unique, and is replete with new and valuable information on stage tradition of the Jewish drama.

Theatricals are treated by Geo. C. Jenks.

In Fiction, Lilla Allen's story, entitled "Illusion" (one of many), is bound to create a stir.

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To Oppose the Syndicate

The opposition to the Theatrical Syndicate took on renewed impetus lately by the acquisition to the ranks of the independent managers of the Shubert Bros., a powerful theatrical firm controlling a large number of theatres throughout the country and who allege that they have been unable to obtain good terms from the Syndicate for booking their attractions, and are thus forced into active opposition.

The opposition takes the form of a great corporation to be known as the "Sam S. and Lee Shubert Co., Incorporated," with a capital stock of \$1,400,000. The papers declare that it is the intention of the company "to encourage and cultivate a taste for musical and dramatic art in the United States and elsewhere; to manage and direct theatres; to engage playwrights and composers and to own plays." The directors of the new company are all men who have long been associated with the Shubert interests. They include Lee Shubert, Jacob Shubert, Joseph W. Jacobs, Charles A. Bird, Sol Manheimer and William Klein. It is known also that David Belasco and other independent managers have lent the new corporation financial and moral support. In this connection the Messrs. Shubert have sent to theatre managers all over the country a circular letter, as follows:

We want to play in your city and in your theatre. If we cannot arrange for time with you we shall be compelled to build or lease some other place of amusement where you are. We don't want to go to this expense, and we don't want to create this opposition to you. There has never been any quarrel between our firm and the managers of theatres throughout the United States. It is certain that you do not wish to encounter such opposition as we are prepared to offer if necessary. It is also certain that the people of your city will not care to be deprived of the opportunity of seeing Madame Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Mrs. Fiske, Blanche Bates, David Warfield and other stars in the same rank, simply to gratify Klaw & Erlanger.

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There is no doubt that the people in your city will go to see these attractions, whether they are at your theatre or elsewhere. Wouldn't you prefer that they should be at your house? Or do you prefer to sacrifice the opportunity of presenting them, to let your clientele know that you are willing to deprive local theatre-goers of the visit of these stars, simply to gratify the Theatrical Trust?

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There have been many futile attempts in the past to curb the power of the Syndicate. It remains to be seen if this latest effort will be more successful.

Did Shakespeare Visit Italy?

Recent articles in American magazines discussing the question as to whether or not Shakespeare ever set foot in Italy have been commented upon with much interest by Italian journals. Italians incline to the belief that the great poet undoubtedly did visit their country, and, among others, give these as their reasons for such belief:

In referring to cities such as Venice, Padua, and Verona, Shakespeare knew not only the principal characteristics, but also the local customs, popular sentiment, etc., all of which in his time could not have been learned from the rare books and still rarer travellers. He knew, for instance, that gondolas in Venice were used almost exclusively by gentlemen, by travellers, and by lovers; for this reason, in "The Merchant of Venice," Gratiano, on his way to Shylock, does not make use of a gondola, but has Nerissa show him the way through the labyrinth of *calli*, thus showing a familiarity with local customs impossible in a stranger who has not made a long stay in Venice. Then, too, he notes the Doge's privilege of two votes in the Council. He knew of the Venetian custom of sending a dish of doves as a present; he knew of the many blessed crosses scattered through the country; also that the gentlefolk of the province of Veneto were accustomed to go to Venice for their wedding outfit; that young, noble women lived in great seclusion from the outer world, that their balconies looked out upon almost inaccessible courts instead of upon the piazzas and squares, and that audacious youths when visiting their amoritas made use of rope ladders, under cover of the night. Those of his tragedies whose scenes are laid in Italy develop in an atmosphere wonderfully Italian; therefore, how deny, in the absence of proof to the contrary, that Shakespeare travelled and lived for some time in Italy?

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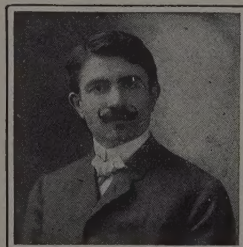


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Shakespeare's Death Mask

According to Mr. Sidney Lee, says the *London Tatler*, the Kesselstadt death mask of Shakespeare was discovered by Dr. Ludwig Becker, librarian at the ducal palace at Darmstadt, in a rag shop at Mayence in 1849. The features resemble those of an alleged portrait of Shakespeare (dated 1637) which Dr. Becker purchased in 1847. This picture had long been in the posses-



FULL FACE

sion of the family of Count Francis von Kesselstadt of Mayence, who died in 1843. Dr. Becker brought the mask and the picture to England in 1849, and Richard Owen supported the theory that the mask was taken from Shakespeare's face after death, and was the foundation of the bust in Stratford Church. The mask was for a long



PROFILE

time in Dr. Becker's private apartments at the ducal palace, Darmstadt; it is now the property of Frau Oberst Becker, the discoverer's daughter-in-law, and is in her residence at Darmstadt. The features are singularly attractive, but Mr. Lee does not regard the chain of evidence which would identify them with Shakespeare as complete.

Penalty of Decency

In "The Bad Samaritan" one act pictures a seaside resort with its attendant noise and color. A section of the board walk is shown with its constantly moving and motley crowd. A particularly disreputable man was required as one of the loungers along the walk. George Ade, the author, set upon the task of rounding up the right kind of genus hobo. He stationed himself at the stage entrance of the Garden Theatre, and after an hour's effort secured just the one he was looking for. The fellow was sans collar and shirt, had a week's growth of beard on his face, and the general appearance of one who had slumbered long and deep in the parks.

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"Sure," replied the tramp.

"Well, take this dollar, go and get something to eat and report back here in an hour."

The homeless one went away, and at the expired time presented himself at the stage entrance, but was refused admittance. He was so elated over his prospects of getting a position that he had been shaved, had bought himself a collar, and resplendent in a red necktie, looked so good that all chance of him fitting the rôle Mr. Ade had chosen for him fitted at the first glance. As he was dismissed the wanderer muttered:

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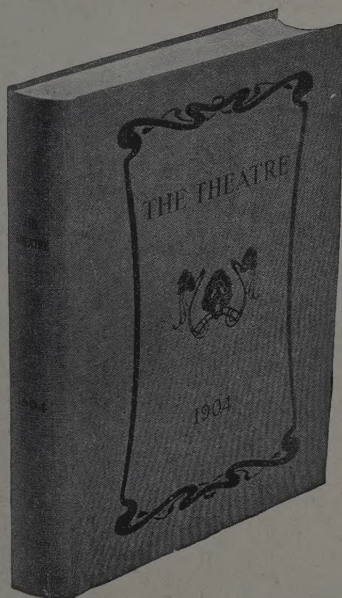
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